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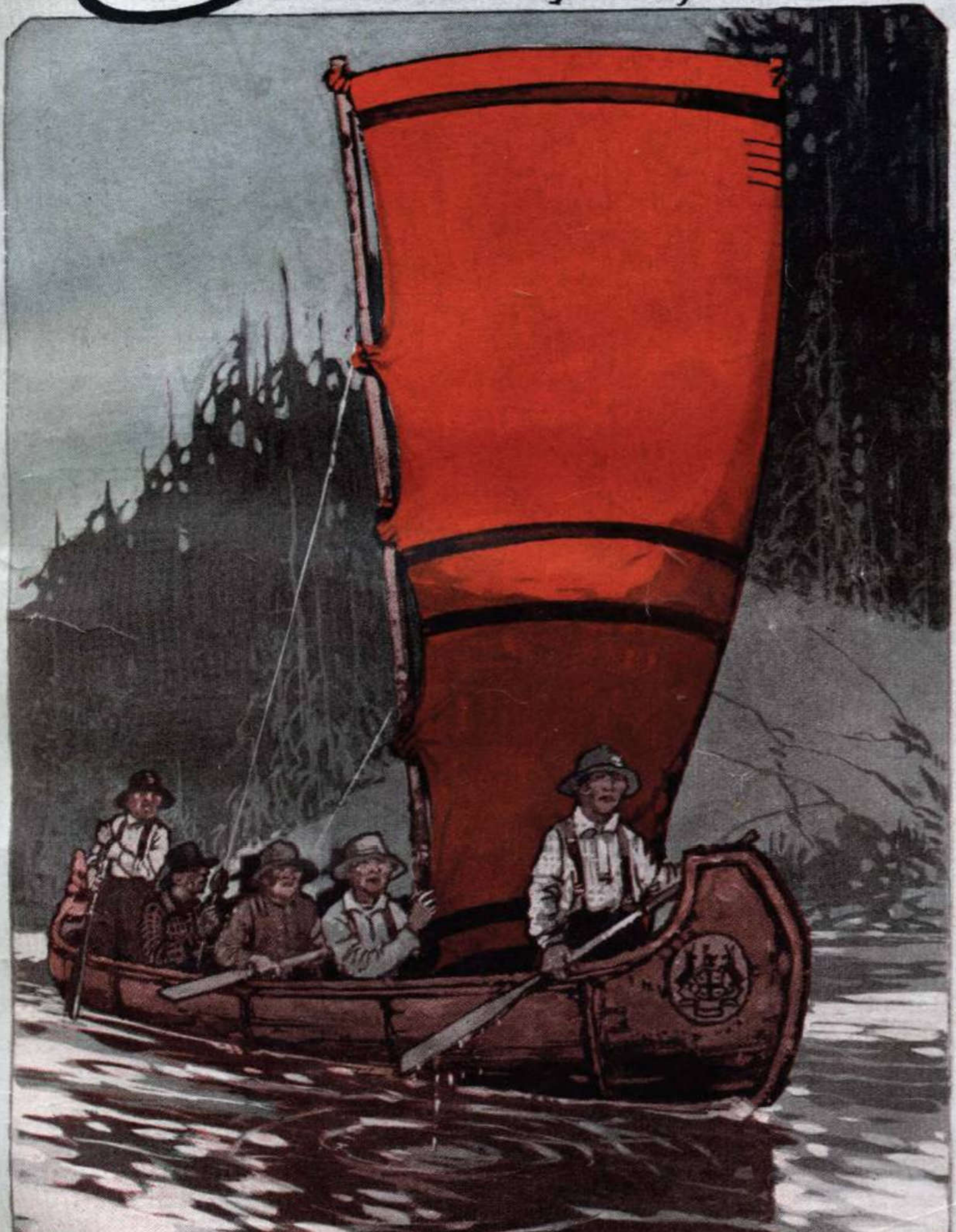
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

(See Page 21)

OFFICERS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

III

A. H. Doe
Assistant Secretary

MR. Doe has the advantage of being equally well-known to members of the Company's stores department both in Canada and in London. The accompanying photograph will serve to introduce him to other members of the Company's staff who may not have met him in person.

In 1893, Mr. Doe joined Harrods' store, where he acted as secretary to the general manager (now Sir Woodman Burbidge), and later became staff manager. His duties with Messrs. Harrods, however, were not entirely confined to London: in 1908 he was entrusted with an important mission to Servia on their behalf, and, when the late Sir Richard Burbidge was asked to inspect the Company's Canadian stores in 1909, Mr. Doe was chosen to accompany him. In the following year Mr. Doe returned to Canada to assist Mr. Herbert Burbidge in the work of re-organization then begun.

In 1913, Mr. Doe was made assistant stores commissioner, in which capacity he served until 1916, when he resigned and left for England to join the H.B.C. war contracts department on work for the French and Belgian governments.

In April last Mr. Doe was appointed assistant secretary for the stores department.

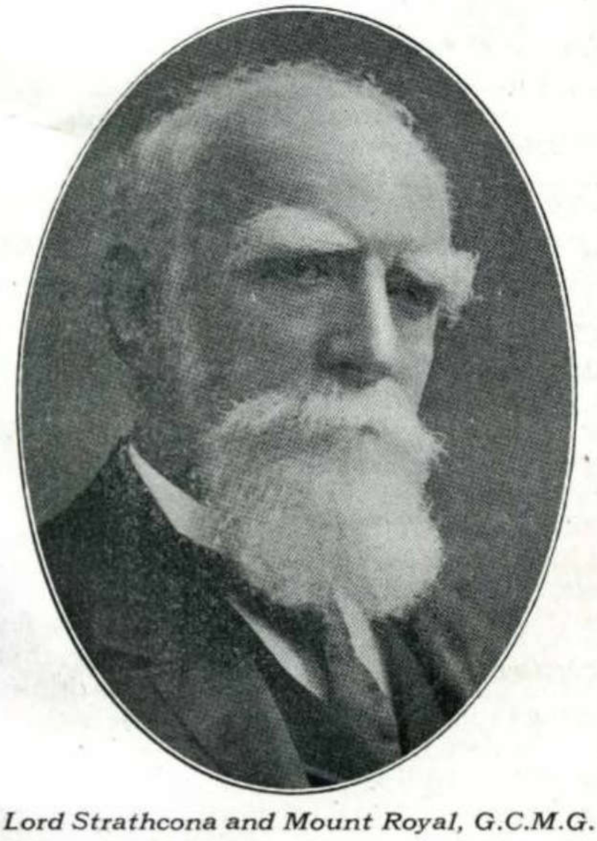
STRATHCONA

Personal Recollections of the Highland Lad, Apprenticed to the Great Company on the Labrador, Who Eventually Became Governor of H.B.C.

By R. G. MACBETH

IT is a good many years since I first saw Donald A. Smith, who was afterwards Lord Strathcona, because he won his way to a peerage by indomitable energy in business and by passionate devotion to the affairs of empire. It was in our old home in the pioneer Selkirk settlement on the Red river. We had rather a big house for those days, as my father was a trader to the H.B.C., a magistrate under the old Fur Company and a farmer with some extra possessions in flocks and herds at large on the neighboring prairie. It was no new thing for distinguished guests to be in our roomy parlor, whose carpet and great mirror and armchairs, imported from England, made it more wonderful to me than any room I have since beheld. My father was one of the last survivors of the original colonists, and adventurous tourists who were finding their way to the New West used to come to get his vivid account of how those pilgrim fathers had won out in their battle against desperate odds in the early days. He was a massive Highlander, and I can see him seated in his big armchair, speaking very earnestly, and generally winding up by saying, "Gentlemen, I cannot tell you the half of it, but I will say that no people but the Scotch could have done it."

The adventurous tourists were generally Englishmen of noble families, but they applauded with generous enthusiasm the clannish loyalty of the pioneer.



Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G.

Big Chief Among the Great Traders

One day there came into the big room a tall, slight, active man whose sandy hair and beard were even then sprinkled heavily with the snows that never melt. We youngsters were told that this was Donald A. Smith from the "Fort." There were doubtless many forts, but "the Fort" meant to us Fort Garry at the mouth of the Assiniboine river, the seat of the Hudson's Bay Company's control over half a continent. And we were told that Donald A. Smith had been in Labrador for the Company, that he had endured great hardships, but that now he had come to the West and was a big chief amongst the great traders and would likely be a leader in the new country.

He and my father talked a long time that day. Smith, too, was a Highlander, and they had much in common. He spoke in a rather strong voice and with an accent which indicated his nationality, but his vocal cords had been roughened somewhat by the gales of Labrador. I often heard him speak at public gatherings in later years. His voice was soft in conversation, but the roughening just referred to was more marked when the tone had to be raised in large halls. The distinctive characteristic of his public appearances was courtesy and the utmost chivalry of a gentleman in the most trying circumstances. I have seen him rather severely baited by

rivals for office, but I never knew him to lose his temper. Doubtless he had a temper, but he had an indomitable will which could hold in subjection the fires of action till they had to be released in big undertakings. He was too cool and wise a man to waste power in fits of useless anger.

Virtually Prisoner in the Hands of Riel

Perhaps there was no better illustration of his extraordinary capacity for control and action than in the period when, after the outbreak of the first Riel rebellion, Mr. Smith was sent by the Ottawa government to Fort Garry to treat with the arrogant rebel, and to meet with the settlers in order that they might understand the situation. From the first Riel held Mr. Smith practically as a prisoner in the fort, and really subjected the government commissioner to a good deal of indignity. But the cautious Scot kept his temper, spoke coolly and quietly, but firmly, and succeeded in getting Riel to call a convention.

That convention of settlers met in the courtyard of the fort with the weather at 30 below zero, but the proceedings were rather warm to begin with. Mr. Smith refused to read his commission under the rebel flag, and the Union Jack was hoisted in its place. At the close of Mr. Smith's reading, the settlers understood the whole situation better, and felt that their rights would be quite safe with the Canadian government in possession of the country. Riel felt that his power was slipping, and when some settlers demanded the release of certain prisoners Riel began to get angry and refused. Colin Inkster, still sheriff at Winnipeg, a sinewy, powerful man, caught the rebel chief by the collar and pulled him down the outside stair. Riel became furious, threw off his coat and called out the guard to shut the gates of the fort. That Riel was a strange mixture appears in the fact that when he threw off his coat on the stair it fell on my father, to whom Riel, true to his French politeness even in his rage, said "Pardon, monsieur."

Never Bound by Partisan Views

Some of the cooler heads spoke to the rebel chief and matters quieted. But Mr. Smith had dealt the rebellion a body blow from which it never recovered, even though Riel tried to terrify the country by the judicial murder of Thomas Scott, one of his prisoners.

When the Hudson's Bay Company regime was superseded by Canadian government in the West, Mr. Smith retained his official business and administrative connections with the Company, but he sought election to legislative positions and became, in due course, a member of both the legislature of Manitoba and the House of Commons of Canada. He was never bound by partisan views, even though he belonged to one of the old line parties. A man can be a party man and be independent within the party, but a partisan is the unreasoning person who lets some one else do his thinking and settle the direction of his vote. Donald A. Smith did his own thinking and voted as he pleased.

Building of the Canadian Pacific

But probably nine out of ten Canadians know Donald A. Smith best as one of the main agencies in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was a colossal undertaking to begin building a railroad from sea to sea across the trackless unproductive north shore of Lake Superior, athwart the practically uninhabited prairies and across the mountains to the Pacific. The task was all the harder because many prominent public men said that the road "would never pay for the axle-grease" and that it was not worth while building across the continent for the sake of getting "a sea of mountains" like British Columbia into confederation. Perhaps it was just as well that men like Smith and Stephen and others who essayed the task, hailed from the land where they have a saying "a stout heart to a stey brae," for these men refused to be defeated. Several times when there was no money in sight, Mr. Smith would move that the directors should adjourn for a day and he would turn up with a few millions more. So it was fitting that when the rails met at Craigellachie (the Highland "Stand Fast") he, the indomitable leader, should drive the last spike of what has now come to be the greatest transportation system on the globe.

Services to the Empire Recognized

And then Donald A. Smith, who had left his home at the village of Forres in Morayshire a poor lad, going out for a few pounds a year to the bleak shores of Labrador, was knighted and later given a baronetcy in recognition of his services to the empire. He became High Commissioner for Canada in London, where his generous hospitality and munificence made him a world figure. When the Boer war broke out he alone of all the wealthy men of the empire raised and equipped a regiment for service. Strathcona's Horse was the name of the corps, composed largely of men from the plains of Western Canada, and commanded by that magnificent and fearless mounted policeman, Col. Sam. B. Steele, who, with his regiment, was a great favorite of the immortal Roberts and Kitchener.

Lord Strathcona was a princely giver to all good causes, as the hospitals, churches, schools and universities of Canada know. He was very simple-hearted and unaffected in his manner, and those of us who were occasionally his guests in his own house will always recall the gracious, kindly, gentle old man who assumed no airs but made everyone feel at home. He died at an advanced age, repeating in his closing hours one of the old Scottish paraphrases, "O God of Bethel," as he passed into the unseen.

By this man's name many schools and places are called in Canada. And pupils will find much food for study in the story of his life.

THE INJUN—By John E. Logan

The Sioux wuz up an' on the shoot
Aslingin' round their lead,
An' scalpin' every mother's son
That wuzn't bald or dead.

Thar' warn't a livin' Yankee—
An' lots wuz brave an' bold—
That would have crossed them plains alone
For a waggon-load uv gold.

That summer a fur trader
Came up from Montreal,
An' on his way to Garry
He landed at St. Paul.

An' right a-top that creakin' cart,
Upon the highest rack,
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag—
An English Union Jack.

They wuzn't long upon the trail
Before a band of Reds
Got on their tracks, an' foller'd up,
Agoin' to shave their heads.

But when they seen that little flag
Astickin' on that cart,
They jes said, "Hudson Bay, go on.
Good trader with good heart!"

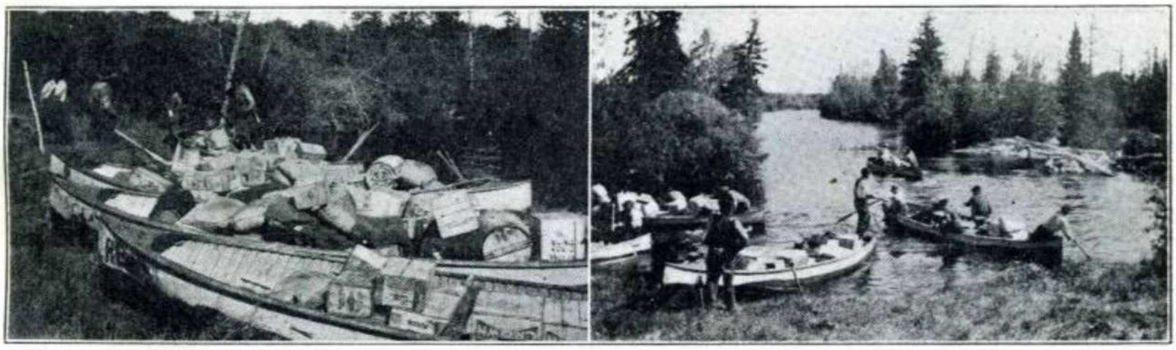
That wuz the way them 'tarnal fools
Crossed them thar' blazin' plains,
An' floated down the windin' Red
Through waves with bloody stains.

What give that flag its virtoo?
What's thar' in red an' blue
To make a man an' woman dar'
What others daren't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns knowed it—
That whar' them cullers flew
The men that lived beneath them
Wuz mostly straight an' true.

That when they made a bargain,
'Twuz jes' as strong an' tight
As if 'twere drawn on sheepskin
An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done
Fer more'n two hundred year;
That's why that trader fellow crossed
Them plains without a fear.



H.B.C. transport of post supplies in the far North, illustrating the great tonnage that can be loaded into a flotilla of the Company's large freight canoes. Photo by H. Halvorsen.

The Respected Factor

THE following letter, received by the H.B.C. store, gives some indication of the importance and esteem attached to the position of Chief Factor by the natives of Canada.

Oak Point, Man., Box 3
Gentlemen:
Please could you let me know the name and the address of the head man of all the H.B.C. all round the world i mean since the late Mr. W. Clark died.
Yours truly,
Mrs. Pierre Chartrand.

The "head man of all the H.B.C." referred to by the correspondent was Chief Factor William Clark, stationed at Winnipeg for Red River district—a man who was known and respected throughout Western Canada during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Passing the Spring Out

(Continued from last issue)

By O-GE-MAS-ES

(Little Clerk)

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DOWN the centre of the enclosure was a row of camp fires. At last the evening arrived and, sticking close to *O-sow-usk,* away we went. From all sides came the men, women and children, each carrying a dish and a knife and spoon. I had a native-made wooden bowl, a wooden spoon and my large sheath knife; my old companion the same. We duly entered the ring and were shown to special seats near the stage (on the ground of course), and here we sat cross-legged waiting for the ceremonies to begin.

At last all were seated, and four of the older men, painted and feathered, came in with four long-stemmed stone pipes. Each spoke, addressing *Kitche Manitou* (the Great Spirit), thanking him for the gifts of food and supplies to his Indian children. Each of the winds were given a smoke by presenting the pipes to the four quarters of the compass. Then, with a stately walk around, the old men retired. The tom-toms struck up and four young girls came dancing into the ring, each with a bag of down or fine feathers. Keeping time to the music as they circled, a bunch of down was placed on each visitor's head.

There was a pause, then bang went the tom-toms at full speed. Large coverings, which were draping the stage, were withdrawn, and there, to the view of all beholders, were moose and deer heads, beaver and lynx (whole bodies), geese and ducks, the meat cooked in each case, and with the skins or feathers drawn over them they really looked life-like. A general hum of applause went round. For, besides the stuffed birds and animals, there were buffalo and deer, pemmican, dried meat, bladders of moose marrow, fat and other native luxuries. "Ho! Me-chi-soo! Me-chi-soo!" (eat, eat) was the cry, and everyone was helped bountifully by girl waiters, my share being half a beaver and half a goose, my old companion getting the other halves. Tea was served in quantities with plenty of loaf sugar (my contribution).

The eating was not a steady performance, but went on at intervals all night, varied by dances, weird songs and speeches, all hands joining in the dance at times, myself included. It is considered a point of honour to eat all that is put before you at an Indian feast, but, alas, this was beyond my powers; so very quietly I from time to time transferred portions of my helping to the old man's plate, and, though he was a fairly wizened-up old Indian when we sat down, by midnight he looked more like a London alderman.

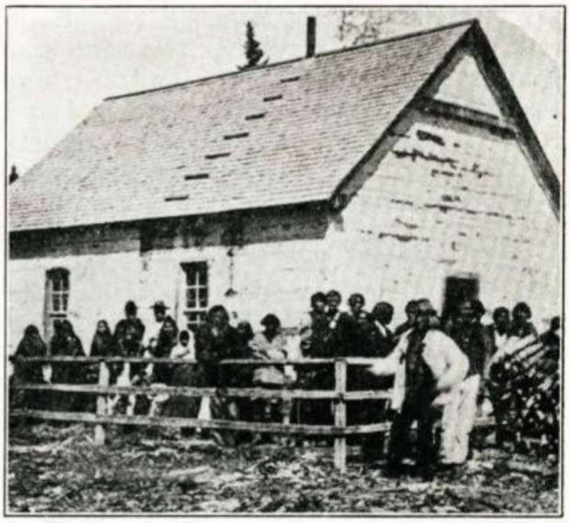
About 2 a.m. I quietly slipped out and looked back at the scene. From a few yards away it made a perfect picture of wild Indian life. The long camp fires gave sufficient light to see the dancers, who followed one another in Indian file, keeping time to the tom-toms with a sort of jig-step. Most of the men had nothing on but a breechclout, while the women were naked from the waist up. Still, their brown skins, painted with various ochres, did not strike one unpleasantly as white people would do; in fact they were quite in harmony with their wild surroundings, truly children of nature and so far unspoiled by civilization.

My time was now getting short, as I had promised the chief to be home by the 24th of May. So, making one grand round to all the various tepees, collecting some small debts, leaving some of my impedimenta to come down later, I was now saying good-bye. *O-sow-usk* was quite mournful; also *Ki-say-the-nish*. My Indian grandfather's address was quite pathetic. "My grandson," he said, "you are young and I am old. We may never see each other again (and we never did). I wanted you to have a monument so all would remember *O-ge-mas-es'* residence amongst us. Some days ago I had my young men go down the Carrot river where stands a mighty spruce tree, a landmark for miles around, and this they made a lobstick of in memory of you." I thanked the old chap and really felt quite affected.

Then my newly-made friend, *Ki-say-the-nish,* wished to establish relationship, so called me his *Cha-cha-wow*. This was a mutual name between us and meant that we were so related by our children having intermarried. Remarkable that an obscure tribe of Indians like the Crees would have a special name for a relationship which cannot be stated concisely in English. Strange to say this fictitious relationship was of considerable benefit to me many years after. But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

It was a spring of very high water and my little bark canoe was loaded down well to the gunwales, but, thanks to careful pitching, tight as a bottle. The Indians had warned me not to descend the Carrot too far for fear of meeting drowned land. Away I went, waving my paddle in a last salute, and paddled steadily till noon, when I landed and boiled the kettle. I had shot a goose and had some fun chasing him in the afternoon, and, forgetting all warnings, had paddled steadily ahead, not noticing until late that the river's banks were flooded. Common sense should have warned me to turn back, but I was blessed with very little at that time and thought, "Oh, I will soon come to high land again." So on I paddled.

Finally, it was evening and, as my legs were cramped enough in the narrow canoe, I determined, water or not, to land and make a stage for the night. I paddled close to the wooded bank, tested the depth and found about four feet of water. Planting my paddle firmly in the mud, I cautiously put out one foot until it rested on the bottom. Then, leaning my weight on it, I was going to draw my other leg out of the canoe (one had to be cautious, as a small bark is a ticklish thing to get out of), when the ground gave way close to the edge of the bank, and down I went to the bottom of the Carrot river, swallowing mud and water and quite forgetting that I could swim like a jackfish. The kick I had given sent the little canoe flying out in the river, but when I reached the surface a few strokes captured the craft and I landed where I had marked some good crotches for a stage.



"YELLOW BEAR," Medicine Man of the Cree Indians on the Saskatchewan, burning his idols on the Shoal Lake Reserve in 1898 when he was baptized and became a convert to the Christian faith. When given the choice of burning or burying his "Medicine," Yellow Bear said, "I will burn them. I know the devil too well; he would dig them up." Photo by Rev. J. Hines.

Then followed an hour or two of hard work and at last everything was snug for the night. My stage was about seven feet long by four feet wide with some mud at each end for a fireplace in case of a change of wind; a nice lot of firewood cut up, my clothes hanging to dry on limbs, and I gracefully draped in a blanket *a la* Indian. Such a supper, then a royal smoke and to bed.

About daybreak I was awakened by a mighty splash and a sprinkling of water in my face. Springing up, I found myself knee deep in water, and gradually realized my surroundings and strange camping place. On investigating I found traces showing an old beaver had been examining his strange neighbour and, suddenly catching the dreaded human scent, had dived and hit the water a tremendous thump with his tail. A good laugh, a good breakfast, and ho! for The Pas—up-current now, as I was meeting the water from the Big Saskatchewan.

At last I reached the river, and she was sure enough in flood, and full of the usual driftwood. Looking towards The Pas only a speck of land could be seen. As I went sweeping down with the strong current, I could see a tall figure pacing the shore. He would look up at my tiny craft, then away again. I knew the chief, and that he was half afraid to look. It was really dangerous enough, as a touch of the drifting logs would have sent me to the bottom. Finally, I swept into The Pas river, he grasping the bow of the canoe and exclaiming, "Thank God you are home safely. I have slept but poorly the last week thinking about your return alone and the very high water. Then that canoe is too ridiculously small for any sane man to risk his life in. Ah, Lord B.! Lord B.! (his nickname for me) you will never die in your bed." So, loving and chiding in the same breath, *O-ge-mas-es* returned to The Pas and we celebrated the event by a mighty chess game that night.

Happiness

THE essentials to true happiness are: Something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

Idleness should be avoided because it breeds misery, while activity is good medicine for mind and body.

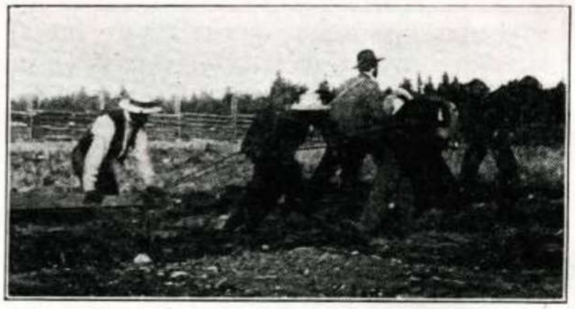
Nothing worth while was ever accomplished without labor. God intended no man to live without working, so there is little excuse for not having something to do in this world.

We can all find something to love if we have learned how to see the beauty in nature all about us; but the home-life gives us the first glimpse of true love if consecrated by a watchful mother and the innocence of childhood.

Hope is usually the last thing that dies in a man, and, although it is sometimes a delusion, the habit of looking on the bright side of things lightens the burdens of life.

As individuals it may be assumed that we believe we possess the essentials to happiness, but organized as workers and employers we are selfishly disregarding the rights of others—and this is the cause of most of the unrest in the world today. To be happy in a "day's work" we must sooner or later come to understand that it will pay larger dividends to both sides if we will get down to a basis of dealing with each other. What is needed is ordinary common sense, and plenty of it, and the organized worker and the organized employer must begin to recognize the fact that the unorganized public have some rights in the situation.

Impulse must often be subdued in obedience to principle—the common course of things is in favor of happiness. Happiness should be the rule, misery the exception; but happiness is only built on virtue.



CREE Indians plowing by man-power on The Pas reserve, 1897. On account of the stony ground they were unable to use their ponies. The development of automotive power has made less laborious methods possible today.

Receives Murchison Award

THE monthly bulletin of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy states that Charles Camsell, deputy minister of mines, Ottawa, has been honoured by the Geographical Society of Great Britain with the award of the Murchison grant "for distinguished service in exploration." "Mr. Camsell," says this journal, "is a born explorer, and he has carried out most valuable surveys in the untravelled north and in various parts of British Columbia."

Mr. Camsell is a son of Chief Factor Charles Camsell, who was one of the best known of the old-time Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade officers in the Mackenzie-Athabasca district.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

(Continued from last issue)

By H. J. MOBERLY

DURING the ensuing winter ('68-'69), there was a lot of snow before and up to a little past the new year. On the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth of January a warm chinook wind prevailed, with rain at times, and little snow was left at the end of the three days. After that we had clear, calm, cold weather for five weeks, with no snow, so the Indians who had failed to kill game during the three days of warm weather starved. It was impossible to get within gunshot of a live animal, the air was so still, and sound and scent travelled so far. I had been fortunate enough to kill six moose during that interval, and, as I did not require all that meat, I gave five of the carcasses to a band of Beaver Indians who were camped about five miles away.

During the winter I did not secure many furs, as both marten and foxes were scarce, but when the open water came I got one hundred and thirty-two beaver and two otter.

The following summer I hunted up and down the Peace river till the middle of September, when the flies were gone. Then I started down stream with the intention of wintering somewhere on the Mackenzie river. On arriving at Fort Chipewyan, I found the wife of the chief factor very unwell, with no one to look after her, her husband being away with the brigade to Norway House, so I remained there till his return. It then being late in the season, the factor persuaded me to remain with him for the winter.

CHAPTER XXIII

Fort McMurray and Methy Portage Are Placed in My Charge

FORT Chipewyan was the head post of the Athabasca district, which extended some two hundred miles up the Peace river to Fort Vermilion, taking in the post at Red river, then down the Slave (as the river is called after leaving Lake Athabasca) a hundred and ten miles to Fort Smith. Another post was situated at Fond du Lac at the east end of Athabasca lake, and again one hundred and eighty miles up the River Athabasca I established a post for the Company, calling it Fort McMurray.

Fort Chipewyan itself is situated at the west end of Athabasca lake on a short channel that runs from that lake to another much smaller lake. It rests in a very pretty situation with a gentle rise from the bank. The houses are laid out in a straight line, all well built and whitewashed, with a nice church belonging to the C. M. S. (Church Mission Society) at one end and the unpretentious residences of the officer in charge and his clerks, together with the large stores, at the other, giving it quite the appearance of a small village. About a quarter of a mile beyond is the Roman Catholic mission, built at the west end of the channel on a high point, which looks up the channel on one side and the small lake on the other.

This also is a very beautiful place, looking from the water on the east, with its handsome chapel, nuns' residence, priests' dwelling, stores and various outbuildings. At that time the mission was in charge of Rev. Father Pascal, later Bishop of Saskatchewan and residing in Prince Albert.

Almost all the Indians resorting to this post were Roman Catholics, and I must say that in all my experience I never saw Indians better behaved or more really religious; and they certainly respected and loved their priest. A great number of their children attended the school, which was taught by the Sisters of Charity, the course of instruction including reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, music, manners, and religious exercises; and it was a great treat to us to visit the mission, where we were always hospitably received, the Sisters delighting to get their pupils to sing, play the organ, or recite poetry and other selections. Each child was clean and well dressed, which was by no means the case before they went to the school. The Sisters always cultivated a fine garden of the usual vegetables; nor did they forget their ladies' love for flowers, always having many of various species.

In the spring of 1870, when I was for starting off again for the North, I was persuaded by the chief factor to re-enter the H.B.C. service, this time to establish a post at the foot of the rapids on the Athabasca as a terminus for a proposed steamboat route. The route was to be down the Athabasca river from the new post at the rapids about one hundred and eighty-five miles, from end to end of the Athabasca lake, down the Slave river to Fort Smith about one hundred and ten miles, and up the Peace to Red river, its tributary, about two hundred and twenty miles. Here rapids intervened, as I have previously mentioned.

I left Fort Chipewyan on this mission as soon as the ice cleared out on the 11th of May with two boats and their crews and five men who were to remain with me for the summer. The last three days of the trip we had a blizzard, but, as the wind was fair, we carried on and landed, with a foot of snow on the ground, at the mouth of the Clearwater river.

The site I chose for the fort was in a thick wood of poplar trees and, as the weather now turned fine, we began clearing the ground of timber, during which operation I was surprised to discover that there had once been a post on this very spot. Enquiries disclosed the fact that eighty-six years previously the post had been abandoned in consequence of the death from smallpox of nearly all the Indians who had traded there.

I named the new post Fort McMurray after a chief factor, one of my oldest friends. Two of the first things to do were to get logs squared for the houses and to make a garden while I had the advantage of the two crews, who would remain with me until the brigade arrived from Chipewyan. It came on the last day of May.

I put two men to digging the garden, others to squaring logs, while others again cleared off the woods. This first summer we built a temporary house for myself, a good store, a men's house and a carpenter's shop, and during the ensuing winter had logs squared, boards sawn, and everything ready to put up a good officers' house when the winter had passed.

When the brigades passed south in the spring our furs were shipped off, and I sent down my men to Chipewyan for supplies. During their absence I had gone across to see the garden, when a whirlwind arose which carried some fire to the storehouse. Before I could return, the store was in flames, and both that and the squared logs I had ready for the new house were consumed. I had hard work to save the other buildings, as everything about the place was as dry as tinder.

The remainder of that summer and the following winter was spent finishing off the buildings, and by the next spring everything was completed and we had a comfortable place. The country being very rich in both game and fur-bearing animals, I hunted quite often, mostly for beaver, of which I killed a large number. One night I set two traps for foxes, and next morning, to my surprise, found a silver fox in each, a thing I never knew to happen before or since.

Fort McMurray is situated on a flat about a mile long and at places nearly a quarter of a mile wide, the upper part prairie, the rest covered with poplar and a few jackpine. The soil is a rich loose loam on a solid bed of limestone. Nearly every vegetable that will grow in the Saskatchewan country may be raised here, but outside of this flat there is no farming country near. The hills surrounding the plain are from seven to eight hundred feet high, and at the top there is muskeg for miles.

Down the Clearwater river, the tributary of the Athabasca, at the forks of which Fort McMurray is placed, from Portage la Loche at its head for some eighty or ninety miles and as far again down the Athabasca, tar oil oozes out of the banks. Along the shores, in cold weather, it is hard and looks like grey rock. On warm days it becomes soft and may be cut with a knife. At a few places the tar runs out quite freely, and the H.B.C. collected all they required for their boats in the North. The tar needs to be boile until the oil is cooked out, when it becomes the very best of tar. It is formed from an oil running west and north through coal beds.

In a few places between Fort McMurray and Fort Chipewyan a very limited amount of good land may be found, but all the way up the Clearwater river as far as Portage la Loche there is none at all. In the valley of the Clearwater there is a great quantity of fine spruce timber, but, once on the hills, it is "everlasting and eternal" muskeg on both sides of the river for miles.

From Fort McMurray up the main stream of the Athabasca some eighty-five miles the current is very swift with a number of rapids, some of them difficult. The river flows almost due east to the post and then turns suddenly north, the Clearwater coming in almost due east, with two islands of solid limestone at the mouth. These islands formed at that time three channels, though this situation became changed in the spring of 1875 in a manner which will be to'd later.

About fifteen miles southeast of the post I discovered a bed of salt almost on the surface of the ground. The Indians who traded at the post were a small band of Chipewyans and a small band of Crees, which totalled some sixteen or eighteen hunters, but with these few people I always turned out some forty to forty-five packs of fine furs of ninety pounds each in the course of the winter.

In the year 1871 the Roman Catholic missionaries at Lac la Biche started to cut a cart road to the post but, after spending eleven hundred dollars on it, gave it up as a bad job. The following year a party was sent out from Lac la Biche in charge of a H.B.C. officer to examine this road. He got through with a loss of nearly all his horses and reporte impossibilities In the summer of 1873 I was instructed to try it. I refused, knowing it could not be done, but offered to find a good road to the Saskatchewan if the matter were left to my discretion.

On receiving permission to try, I went to Cold lake and made a complete map for a good road, with the estimated cost of construction, and offered to construct it for them in one season. This offer was not accepted, as it was thought such a road would make it too easy for free traders to get into the North.

From Fort McMurray, on the north side to the Athabasca, dry land may be followed to the Peace river, striking that river below Fed river and taking in some fine timber limits.

One of my hunters had two wives, one old and the other young. When the Roman Catholic Bishop, Mon'r Clut, came, he told the man he must marry one woman and put away the other. As he had two children by the older woman, he kept her and was duly married, sending off the younger woman. Two months afterwards he came and asked me to write to the bishop to inform him that he (the Indian) had made a mistake in his marriage, but that it was all right now as he had put away his older wife and had taken the younger. The bishop, he thought, could not blame him, as he still had only one wife. I declined to interfere, telling the man that he might explain the matter next time he met the bishop. His attempt to explain to his lordship must have been very amusing, but was quite ineffectual, for he had to take back the first wife very promptly.

After my return from my excursion in search of a route to Cold lake, I received instructions to examine the river from Fort McMurray to Fort Smith and make a map of it. So I left with a large canoe and four men. As far as Lake Athabasca, one hundred and eighty-five miles, the shallowest place I found was eight feet and a half at low water, and deep water for nine miles across the lake. Between the lake and Fort Smith, one hundred and ten miles, I found only one shallow place in the channel of the Peace river. This is simply a backbone of rock running across and not over twelve to fifteen feet wide. It could be blasted out without any trouble. The rest of the distance might be run by large vessels, even at low water.

I also surveyed a portage road past the rapids on the Peace below Fort Smith, which are thirteen miles long.

Below these rapids open navigation for large screw steamers extends clear to the Arctic sea.

In the spring of 1874 I was placed in charge of the freighting across Methy portage, while still retaining charge of Fort McMurray. The portage is twelve miles long, and all the outfits for Athabasca, Peace river, Mackenzie river and the Yukon had to pass here, as well as all the furs, caribou tongues, leather, etc., that had been traded for during the past year. During the time the brigades were crossing there I had a busy time of it: checking cargoes as they arrived, giving out the loads for the boats, reporting on the state of the cargoes; with boats from Hudson Bay, from Red river, from Cumberland, from Green lake; goods from the south, from the north; and boats from Peace river, Peel's river, Mackenzie river and Athabasca with furs. Often I crossed over the trail three and sometimes four times a day, receiving cargoes and dispatching brigades north and south.

The winter of 1874-75 was a bitter one, with a good deal of snow that never thawed once till April. On the second or third of that month, however, we had a very heavy fall of snow, followed by a sudden thaw day and night. The weight of the melting snow and the warm weather caused the ice for eighty-five miles above the fort, weakened by the rapids, to break up, and it came down the river with terrific force. On striking the turn in the river at the post, it blocked up the Athabasca, driving the ice some two miles up the Clearwater river in piles forty or fifty feet high. In less than an hour the water rose fifty-seven feet, flooding the whole flat, the force of the current behind the ice cutting down trees of all sizes like so much grass.

Fortunately, the spur of the hill sloped down to the river just above the fort, forming an eddy. Only one of the houses was caught by the current, but that one was swept off at once. When the water had risen nearly to the bank, I ordered all hands back to the high ground. Fearing, however, that if the water got into the house some of its contents would get damaged, I myself rushed in, shutting the doors behind me, and commenced to get what articles I could to the upper rooms. Presently, I saw water trickling in under the doors, but was too much occupied to take time to look out. Suddenly a large tree dashed into the window, and I knew I was in for a cold bath. I had great difficulty getting out of the trap, and after that had about a hundred yards to traverse through water from five to ten feet deep—sometimes swimming, sometimes touching bottom—before I reached safety. When I made dry land, I felt as if I were suffering all the ague it was possible for a man to have. We cleared off the snow and made a good camp, and here we remained for five days before we could get back to the houses. Out of thirty-seven oxen, used for the transport service, only one escaped. The rest were drowned.

The lack of these oxen would upset the whole of the transport arrangements and be the cause of an immense loss of time and money; so I determined to have them replaced if possible without unwinding a lot of red tape reporting to headquarters and waiting for instructions. Taking four men, each with his blanket and gun on his back, I made a bee line for Lac la Biche, the nearest post in the Saskatchewan district. Here I found one of our old officers in charge, a Mr. W. E. Traill, and, with his assistance, bought up every available horse or ox that could haul a cart and started home with my purchases.

We had a heart-breaking trip back through snow to our knees, at times wading through water crossing rivers and creeks swollen with the melting snow. It took us seven days to get to Lac la Biche and thirteen days to get back to Fort McMurray, with three more days to the Methy portage, which we reached just two days before the first brigade arrived, thus neatly saving the situation.

I sent in a full report of the transaction to headquarters, upon which the officials, so far from finding any fault, gave me two promotions instead of one, rewarding Mr. Traill also with one promotion for backing me up.

(*To be continued*)

A LATE STAYER

She: Fred, would you gladly walk five miles to see me?

He: Why, er—yes, of course, dear!

She: I'm so glad, because I just heard your last 'bus go.

Increased Production

CANADA, with a population of 5,371,315 in 1901, exported produce to the value of $33 per head. The population of 8,750,000 in 1920 exported to the value of $147 per head. The total figures for the two periods are:

	1900	1920
Mines	$24,778,339	$ 62,821,963
Fisheries	11,224,866	42,546,979
Forests	29,954,089	105,546,780
Animals	57,296,667	266,037,489
Agricultural	38,469,961	368,797,221
Manufactures	15,511,581	435,121,936
Miscellaneous	540,541	5,786,341
Totals	$117,776,044	$1,286,658,709

Good Roads

TEN million dollars is being spent this year on improvements throughout Canada under the provisions of the federal highways act. An interesting aspect of the situation is that this year the work is being done at fully 30 per cent. less cost than last year, when about the same amount was expended. This is attributable to lessened costs of labor and materials. Of the $10,000,000 being spent this year under the highways act, as distinguished from improvements of a more local character, $4,000,000 is contributed by the government and $6,000,000 by the provinces and municipalities together.

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

THE girl rose quickly to her feet and laid her fingers upon his arm. "Mr. Blake," she said, "you have indeed—you have surprised me. (O mendacious one!) You are an honorable, upright man, but I do not—" she broke off in confusion.

"Marjorie!" he cried in fearful emotion.

"I can never love you, Mr. Blake," she added in a quiet, firm voice, recovering her self-possession.

"May I ask why?" said poor Blake, crestfallen.

"It is my duty to tell you. You have opened your heart to me in all sincerity, and I shall do the same. I love another."

Blake did not reply. For several moments he stood before her gravely in silence, with pale, trembling lips. At last he whispered, "You love—and he is—" he faltered.

He stood silent for a few moments more, and, having gained a complete mastery over his feelings, at last continued, in a perfectly unimpassioned voice:

"I have no right to ask, or to guess. I ought to thank you for being so frank with me." He smiled for a moment, but immediately afterwards his face was almost stern. "May you be happy, Miss Marjorie. May your husband be worthy of you. God is my witness that, although I had my own happiness in view when I asked for your hand, that I would not purchase that happiness by causing you one single hour of sorrow."

"Mr. Blake, I am sure—" began the girl with considerable emotion.

Blake silenced her with a gesture.

"It is past; my dream is over," he said with a pathetic smile. "Forget, Miss Marjorie, that I ever indulged in such hopes." With that he turned away.

(I am anxious to have as few mysteries and small secrets as possible in this story, and I declare at once that Marjorie was perfectly right in stating to Blake that she loved another. She was secretly in love with Bob Armstrong, who, she believed, returned her affection, though he had never declared himself nor asked her parents' consent.

We all know the tendency of very young people to fall in love with very young people of the opposite sex, so we can quite understand that Bob and Marjorie had been sweethearts in the early days of childhood. True, the affection of today was not the child love of those years, but it was based upon those feelings of association and had drifted from the one stage into the other without knowledge or effort on the part of either.)

CHAPTER XIV

The Trap Is Set

AS Inspector Blake was turning away from Marjorie, *Kamenowaytum*, the Indian chief, and Bill Miner entered the store, the latter pausing just inside the door. At the same moment, MacDonald and Armstrong came down from the upper room and stood talking together at the foot of the stairs, where Marjorie quickly joined them.

The inspector was about to follow, when the chief walked quickly up to him and, speaking in broken English, said:

"'Nspector, I b'lieve whisky's bin brought in."

"Ah!" cried Blake quickly, swinging round with an expression of astonishment and examining the man with a scrutinizing gaze. "You have found out something, chief?"

"Yes," replied *Kamenowaytum*. "Leact I heard a sled's come, and there'll be whisky on it, mebbee," he added inconclusively.

"Oh!" A smile flickered on the officer's lips. "And do you know whose sled it is?"

For answer the Indian shook his head. "Not the Company's?" he queried.

"No," said Blake. "But it is young Mr. Armstrong's, and you would not accuse him, surely?"

"Master Bob," stammered the old fellow, dumbfounded. "'Tain't him ye mean?" Whirling round, he shot the question at Miner.

"It don't matter whose it is," Miner pointed out, coming forward. "Until the bootlegger is caught we are all under suspicion."

The peculiar expression on the countenance of the speaker quite struck the officer. "How does the matter interest you so keenly?" he asked, eyeing him curiously.

"I'm trying to help, same as you," Miner answered warily.

"Hm!" said Blake, with a steady and appraising gaze. "Your name is?"

"Miner, Bill Miner," that individual answered quietly.

"I think I have heard of you, Mr. Miner," said Blake, with a peculiar smile. There was something about the inspector's smile which was disturbing. Miner shifted his gaze.

At that instant Alec MacDonald came in. He paused on the threshold, as if to take in the situation, then came forward, very reluctantly it seemed, and establishing himself on the counter sat swinging his legs. Evidently he was striving to seem cool and collected, but he was extremely nervous, because, now that the thing was begun, it looked horribly beset with danger. His heart was beating rapidly.

"You have discovered a mare's nest, old man," Blake told *Kamenowaytum*. "Never mind; better luck next time." He patted the chief upon the shoulder and was turning away when Miner, perceiving his plans were coming to nothing, telegraphed Alec, "Say something."

"What's that, inspector?" Alec asked, purposely raising his voice in order to attract the attention of the missionary. "You haven't discovered the bootlegger, have you?" He tried to assume an easy smile, which sat with ghastly effect upon his twitching, anxious face.

He accomplished his end. The group at the foot of the staircase instantly arrested their conversation, turned quickly and were all sharp attention, their eyes upon the officer, waiting his reply.

"Oh, it's a trifling mistake of the chief's, that's all," said Blake, obviously annoyed.

"But are you sure, inspector?" asked Armstrong, coming swiftly forward, to be more leisurely followed by Marjorie and her father. "What is it you suspect, *Kamenowaytum?*" he demanded of that man.

The old Indian made no answer. He stood nervous and bewildered, mopping his face with a large red handkerchief which he had removed from his neck.

"Come, tell me," persuaded the parson, "there may be something in it, after all."

Blake wanted to laugh very much. The parson's insistence under the circumstances was very amusing.

Still *Kamenowaytum* made no reply. Evidently he was ashamed to acknowledge that he had been fooled into coming to the store.

"If you have any suspicion, it is your duty to speak," the parson pointed out gravely.

"Well, ye see, sir," the native stammered, moistening his dry lips with his tongue, "I wanted 'nspector t' search a sled, I did; but I find 'tis Master Bob's."

The chief factor went into roars of laughter. "Oh, that's a good one. One on you, parson."

At that the matter seemed likely to drop. But Miner caught Alec's eye and again telegraphed, "Say something."

The latter turned very white, and his heart now beat almost audibly.

"You forget, father," he pointed out, forcing his features into something of their wonted calmness, "that by your orders the Company's sleds were searched when they last returned from the interior, and it would be a silly thing to do, of course, but Bob wouldn't mind, and it would look better." He spoke in a louder voice than usual, in a determined effort to throw off the nervousness which possessed him.

"There is something in what Alec says," the parson remarked. He paused, as if thinking it over, then, taking his resolve, "And I ask you, inspector, to make the search."

"Nonsense," said MacDonald, whose amusement turned to wrath on the instant. "Shame on you, Armstrong—and you his father—to suggest such an indignity being put upon the lad. If I were Bob, I would see the R.N.W.M.P. and all the rest of the alphabet to the devil before I would permit it."

"My old friend," said the parson gravely, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, "your words do honor to your warm heart. But I would not have my son escape this thing, which would assuredly have been carried out upon another, simply because *he is my son*. Robert can have nothing to fear. Inspector Blake," he went on, turning to the officer, "I call upon you to do your duty, without fear or favor."

A sudden exclamation broke from Marjorie's lips. "Oh, Mr. Armstrong," she protested.

"You're a fool," said MacDonald, bluntly. "Do not heed him, Blake. He is crazy. This whisky business has turned his brain."

"But if he insists, sir, I must do my duty; though it be unpleasant and apparently quite unnecessary," said Blake, resenting the chief factor's attitude, which savoured of disrespect to the police.

MacDonald cast a sharp, searching glance at Miner, as if his presence was not particularly agreeable to him. Then, as a suspicion crossed his mind, he demanded suddenly, staring at *Kamenowaytum:* "Who put you up to this? Come, speak out!"

"Well, 'twas him," faltered the old Indian, indicating Bill Miner with a thrust of his lips and chin. "He come, he say—"

"So, it was you," exclaimed MacDonald, with every manifestation of contempt. Then all the resentment that he had kept bottled up against the man all these months broke forth, and his anger at once became indignation. "It is this disreputable fellow," he blurted, as if with disregardful loosing of his real convictions, "this man who came from Heaven knows where, and who is, I am positive, guilty of carrying on criminal practices in a shack not a mile from here, that dares raise his voice against a man like Bob Armstrong."

For a moment Miner remained dumb. The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, that he had been startled out of his powers of speech. Then he lost his head—he who ordinarily was so calm and cunning and self-reliant—his temper suddenly flashed out.

"You are a liar, sir; a dastardly liar!" he cried, with a savage oath, his shifty grey eyes glaring banefully. "You heard that?" he went on blusteringly, appealing to the others. "You heard what he said? I'll have him up for defamation of character, and I shall require you all for witnesses. *Kitche Ogema* or chief factor, or whatever he calls himself, he shall answer for it. I'll—I'll—I'm not going to stand—" he stuttered, then stopped short, for he found the inspector's eye fixed upon him, and there seemed to be a curious smile playing about the officer's lips.

"Bah!" snorted Mr. MacDonald. "Do your worst. I know whereof I speak. I have means of proving what I say."

Miner's face became whiter and his jaw dropped, his big hands clenching and unclenching where they hung at his sides. Then suddenly his eyes flashed like those of a tiger-cat. He raised his arm threateningly and advanced a step towards the speaker. But, before he could take the second, Blake caught his arm and, twisting him round, pulled him back with a command to remain quiet. Miner lapsed into a venomous silence.

Now the chief factor had no knowledge of what had actually been going on in Miner's cabin. He knew what was said by those who had happened to pass the man's abode late at night—that there had been sounds of revelry within—and suspected that there had been gambling and drinking besides. Of any graver offence he had no suspicion. But Miner's conscience affixed another meaning to Mr. MacDonald's words, which, shot at one mark, had missed and made good in another.

"Mr. MacDonald," said Blake firmly, "I cannot allow you to intimidate this man."

"Intimidate! intimidate!" shouted the chief factor, now quite beside himself, for this touched him on a tender spot. "You—you— Is it this way you talk to me? Since when, may I ask, has it happened that Duncan MacDonald might not speak his mind to any hang-dog fellow that came before him? Would you have me believe that my authority as the Company's representative in these parts is a thing of the past and that you mounted police, with your red coats and big boots, are going to ride roughshod over all of us?"

"My dear friend," said the parson soothingly, "the inspector is but doing his duty."

For answer MacDonald broke into a hearty laugh. This was the nature of the man. "Inspector, I beg your pardon," he said, proffering his hand, which the other took readily enough. "I declare, I was getting a little warm. But what can you expect; the parson is enough to exasperate a saint."

"We are making ourselves ridiculous," Blake decided. "I shall not waste another minute—"

"Inspector, I beg of you—" began Armstrong.

"Well," consented Blake, with an impatient shrug, "since you are so set on it, I will go as far as obtaining your son's assurance that he has nothing on his sled contrary to law. He is coming here before he goes to the mission; he told me that much himself. Will that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly," said the clergyman. "Thank you, inspector."

"Thank you, inspector," mimicked MacDonald, bitingly. "Good heavens, man! You speak as if you were arranging a christening, instead of how to bring insult upon your own son."

With that Blake and Armstrong turned to *Kamenowaytum,* and the three began a conversation on ordinary every-day matters. The chief factor walked the floor, agitated, angry. Alec, from his position on the counter, whence he had never moved, watched his father narrowly, while Marjorie, filled with fearful excitement and anxiety, was for the moment left standing alone. With the exception of the solitary expression of astonishment which she had uttered at Armstrong's determination to have Bob's sled searched, she had remained all this time speechless.

It often happens in life that when some important event is impending, the presentiment enters, takes possession of our mind. Our heart is oppressed, we know not why; our pulses cease to beat; we can scarcely breathe; and the mind must, at last, make a violent effort to gain its ascendancy over the body. So felt Marjorie.

"Father, what can all this mean?" she asked, drawing him aside when his fitful perambulations took him her way.

"Mean!" cried the father. "Mean! why, there is some villainy on foot I am convinced, and my instinct is sure. And that pompous young Blake and that stubborn old parson," striking his hands together, "are helping it on with all their might. The thickheads!"

"Oh, father, can they do anything to Bob?" she enquired, anxiously, with clasped hands and choking a little.

"The Lord only knows," said he, testily. "Since these brilliantly colored popinjays came into this part of the world, turning everything topsy-turvy with their intolerable interference, one can never tell *what* is going to happen." Of course, the chief factor was monstrously unfair in this, but then, you know, he was exasperated, and in no mood to pick and choose his words.

Just then Rogers came back. MacDonald motioned him forward. If Blake saw the act, he took no notice. Rogers seemed to sense that something untoward was going on.

"Rogers," said the factor in a subdued voice, when the man stood before him, acting in that decisive manner of his by which he commanded so much respect and even fear. "Rogers, there is some deviltry on foot. You must slip out unobserved, and then run as for your life; waylay Bob Armstrong and stop him from coming here. Tell him to drive straight to the mission and not spare his dogs; and, *if he has anything on his sled that he cannot satisfactorily account for to the inspector, tell him to bury it at once.*"

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Rogers, nodding his puzzlement. He appeared bewildered and stunned.

"Well, off you go then," commanded MacDonald sharply. But just then there came the sound of dog-bells outside. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed with vexation, "we are too late!"

(*To be continued*)

THIS IS THE PRIZE STORY

The Race for the Silver Fox

By GEORGE R. RAY

(*Moose Factory*)

Note—The judges pronounced this the best of the several stories submitted by H.B.C. people in connection with the competition announced in our May issue. Others will be published later.

"WHAT I can't make out, Geordie," said Thomas, a bright young half-breed, readjusting the ten large fish which stood tail up, thawing out for the dogs, "is how it comes about that *we* was sent for instead of the Company. *Cheepooskis* is a Company man, always was—he's got H.B.C. stamped all over him."

Geordie, also a half-breed and a much older man, squatting on his heels before the fire and stirring a mug of tea with a piece of stick, nodded.

"He's never given us a skin of fur as far as I knows of," continued Thomas, "yet he's sent for us now that he's got a fox. Funny!"

"'Twas the old woman who sent," Geordie corrected.

"O-oh! 'Twas the old woman who sent!"

Thomas was silent for a while before he spoke again. His gaze wandered through the few sparse trees and out to the cold, desolate region beyond.

"Hum!" he said at last, "How'd we get word?"

"She sent us a letter."

The young man nodded. "I see," he said very slowly. "But the Company'll be after us," he added.

Geordie laughed derisively. "The Company knows nothing about it," he declared in a tone of exultant satisfaction, which concealed, however, a certain uneasiness.

"All the same," said the young man, "I'll bet ye a pound of niggerhead that Old Joe's followin' us, and is at this very minute," with a wave of the hand, "'way back there somewhere."

In spite of himself, the addressed threw a quick, nervous glance in the direction indicated. "Old Joe! Bah!" he scoffed. Evidently the name of the old Indian was to him as the waving of a red flag before a bull.

The Indian whom Geordie was on his way to visit at the time we make his acquaintance was known as a staunch Company man. Still Geordie was quite sanguine. He believed the news of *Cheepooskis* having a silver fox skin had been kept too close for even his enemy, Old Joe, to get word of it, and was feeling quite secure against being followed.

Besides, Geordie knew *Cheepooskis*' wife for a bitter-tongued old hag, who, it was generally accepted, had great influence with her husband, and she had promised him her support.

"Old Joe! Bah! Who's afraid of him? He's a has-been."

"Facts don't seem t' bear out that statement," remarked Thomas, dryly.

His companion's face went suddenly hard and cold.

Unearthing a needle and thread from the lining of his cap, the younger man turned his attention to the more profitable task of sewing up a rent in his pants.

Of a sudden a dog whimpered.

With a simultaneous movement, the two men rose to their feet and stood glancing to where their dogs were tied. One, a big huskie, was alternately whining and sniffing and straining at his chain.

"What's the matter with that dog?" asked Thomas.

"Scents something—deer, mebbe," said Geordie, resuming his former position.

Soon Thomas followed suit and the two men smoked moodily until bedtime, when they were soon sleeping heavily.

The fire burned down.

Early darkness gathered and soon the stars shone out. The dim light revealed the desolate waste indistinctly.

An hour went by, and a second hour. Then a tall figure silently and mysteriously appeared at some little distance from the camp. Weird and ghostly, it seemed to have arisen out of the very ground. Motionless, intent, it stood, while a flash of black eyes took in the scene in one swift glance. Evidently he had come to reconnoitre. For some moments he stood rubbing his nose and cheek with his bare hand, restoring the circulation, then, turning, he went away as silently as he had come.

* * * * * *

In the starlit, bitter cold of the morning, Geordie crawled from his blankets, started the fire, then proceeded to make breakfast.

Slowly and sleepily withdrawing from his warm blankets, Thomas jumped to the fire, shivering and yawning prodigiously.

A moody meal was taken. The men ate without speech.

The meal finished, they began gathering their gear together Geordie went outside and harnessed the dogs, while Thomas carried the paraphernalia to the toboggan and "made up" the load. With joint efforts the two men secured it to the sled, straining at the lashing until there was no possibility of its shifting.

Then Geordie strode off to pick up the trail where they had left it the night before. With long swinging strides he ate up the miles, his eyes roving the wilderness.

After a lapse of perhaps four hours, the men paused to boil tea. As soon as it was finished they were off again.

Suddenly, with a profane oath, Geordie halted to stare at fresh marks in the snow. Tracks of men and dogs converged into the trail they were following and led ahead of them. For some few moments the man stood as one mesmerized. Suddenly he dropped on his knees and studied the signs minutely. The tracks had been made by two men on snowshoes. He saw where one of them had stepped aside to gaze along the trail by which Geordie had come. He knew at once what had happened. He knew it as though it had taken place before his eyes. These men had made a long detour and passed him in the night.

Suddenly straightening himself, he let out a yell of fury which quickly brought Thomas to his side.

"After them, man, after them," he shouted and dashed off in a swirl of snow.

The young man promptly obeyed. Yelling like mad and slashing the team with his whip, he started after his partner. The heavily loaded toboggan rocked, swung sideways and upset.

The driver swore profusely, righted the toboggan with a herculean effort and, with a yell to the dogs, once more sent them tearing over his partner's track. But in effect he had little hope of overtaking the quarry before it reached the tepee of *Cheepooskis*.

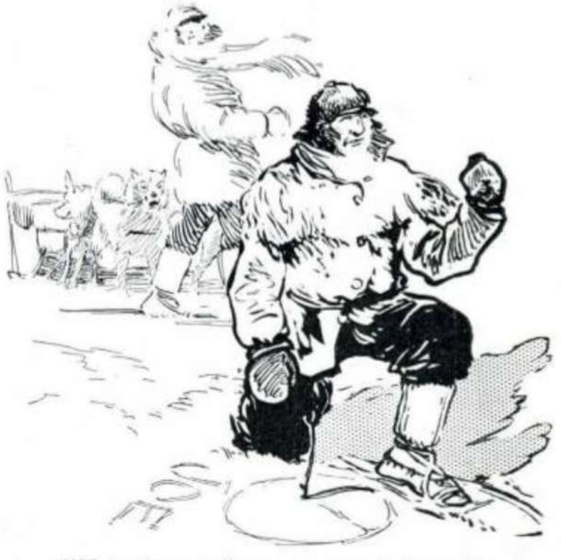
Soon they came to the place where the men ahead of them had stopped to "spell" their dogs.

Alongside the track was an Indian clock, evidently the work of the pursued—a circle drawn in the snow with a stick stuck upright in its centre, and a line traced from the stick to the line of circumference to indicate where the shadow of the stick had fallen at the time the clock was made. The shadow was now falling some six inches from the line traced in the snow. Under the clock, in large, Indian characters, was the dreaded name—Joe.

The two men measured the space between the line and the shadow with critical eyes.

"Two hours!" announced Geordie, cursing and shaking his fist at the unoffending sky. "They've been gone two hours!"

Yelling and gesticulating like an ani-



"Two hours," announced Geordie

mated windmill, he rushed away. With a realization of almost certain defeat, but without the least abatement of his resolution, he covered the ground at an amazing rate of speed.

It was not long before he was able to make out the toboggan ahead of them. Geordie stopped, turned and rushed back to meet the toboggan, and when he came up to it, without a word of explanation, he tore at the lashing. Intuitively Thomas knew his partner's intent and, throwing off his mittens, assisted in stripping the toboggan of its load, which was unceremoniously dumped at the side of the track. Then with a "light" toboggan they raced at a terrific pace after the enemy, who was threatening to wrest the spoils from their very grasp.

* * * * * *

All unconscious of the strenuous efforts that were being made to reach him by men of rival concerns, *Cheepooskis* sat in his tepee staring at an ill-burning fire. His wife was watching him closely, though she moved about doing inconsequential things. A dozen times she stole outside and long and earnestly scrutinized the trail leading up the hill from the distance. At last she returned with a look of satisfaction on her face.

"Someone is coming," she said casually.

Her husband looked up sharply. His brows drew together, a look of suspicion flashed in his eyes.

"Who is it?" he queried. "It can't be the Company, for the dogs are not due for ten days."

"Then it must be the trader," the woman asserted, with a sidelong look at her husband as if to see the effect of her words.

"And for what would he be coming here?" demanded the old man.

The woman smiled disagreeably and shrugged her scraggy shoulders.

Suddenly she stood in the attitude of listening.

There was a sound of voices outside. A look of triumph flashed in the woman's eyes.

A hand drew back the flap of the tepee, and a man's head appeared framed in the aperture.

"*Watchea,*" said a low voice. Jerking off a heavy mitten, the newcomer extended his hand.

The welcoming smile which was spreading over the woman's face was stopped short.

"*Watchea,*" she returned, with no cordiality of voice or manner as she took the hand and shook it limply.

At the sound of the man's voice, *Cheepooskis* glanced up sharply and, when the newcomer advanced to shake hands, greeted him with ill-concealed relief in his tone and manner.

A meal was set before the visitor. During the meal Joe's partner stumbled into the tepee bearing a bundle with blanket wrapping, and, dropping this at Joe's feet, flung himself down on a pile of bedding and straightway fell into an exhausted sleep.

To the old trapper, the young Indian's exhaustion was significant. He glanced at Joe and raised his eyebrows. Joe nodded.

Cheepooskis smiled grimly, at the same time regarding his wife out of the tail of his eye.

With her old black eyes snapping fiercely, the vixen stood nursing a sullen silence. She knew what was going to happen.

There was a sudden faint outcry as from dogs in the distance. The old hag pricked up her ears at the sound and stood listening.

The sounds rapidly drew nearer and nearer.

The woman fidgeted. Dare she leave these men alone together for a moment?

She strained her ears to the utmost. There was the sound of voices outside. She could not stand this. She flashed the men a glance. She decided to chance it.

With her eyes on her husband she edged towards the entrance and slipped out.

Instantly something happened inside the tepee.

Without moving from his place, and at the same time keeping an eye on the entrance, *Cheepooskis* reached behind him and brought forth a sack which he handed without a word to his visitor.

Joe put his hand in the sack and pulled out a silver fox skin. It was a dark, glossy skin with good shoulders and markings, and for an instant the old fellow's eyes glistened.

At that moment the woman came back, perceived what the trader held in his hand and sprang forward as though to snatch it away. But with upraised hand Joe halted her.

"For *Cheepooskis* have I a message," he said solemnly and with much dignity. "Listen to the words of *Kiche Ogemo* (Chief Factor). 'It has come to my ears that *Cheepooskis* is without rifle, therefore send I to him a rifle that he may hunt meat, and for his woman send I a shawl of black cashmere with silk tassels. These things send I by Old Joe as presents to *Cheepooskis,* who is a mighty hunter.'"

The old harriden's anger died on the instant. A smile puckered her crafty old face.

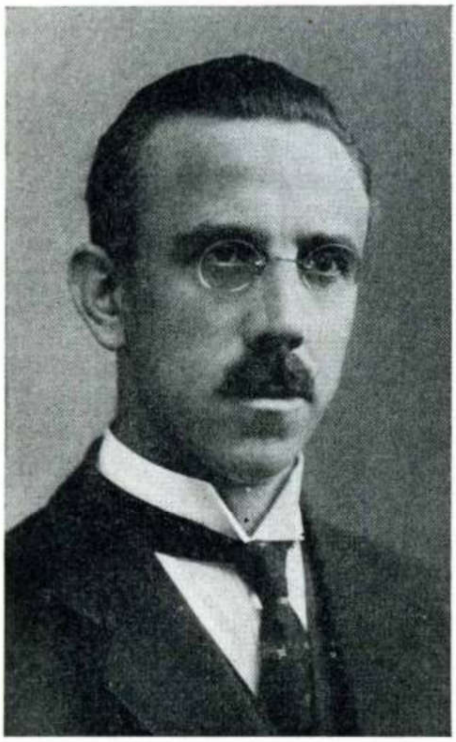
"*Kiche Ogemo* is very kind," she said glibly, evading her husband's eye. "The Company is generous. Not so the free trader who robs the poor Indian."

Just then the flap of the tepee was lifted and Geordie stood in the entrance. His hard, light eyes, malignant, sinister, were fixed upon his enemy. That Old Joe had secured the fox skin he never for a moment doubted. The situation was conclusive.

Unconcerned, grinning, Thomas' face appeared over his partner's shoulder.

"Hullo, Joe!" he cried cheerfully, "So you've beat us to it again, old scout. We can't put anythin' over on you, can we?"

A smile spread over the honest face of old Joe.



OFFICERS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

IV

P. E. H. Sewell

Assistant Secretary

THE subject of the accompanying illustration, Mr. P. E. H. Sewell, joined the Company's staff on January 1st, 1902. He spent two years in the transfer office and secretary's department before joining the accountant's department, to which he has devoted more than eighteen years of unsparing service.

In March, 1913, Mr. Sewell was appointed accountant, and in the following year he paid a brief official visit to Winnipeg in that capacity.

During the difficult days of the war he successfully managed to keep the Company's accounts "all square" with a staff of one, until he left to join the Artists' Rifles.

The strenuous days of peace that have followed in the wake of the war have, seriously curtailed Mr. Sewell's leisure for active participation in sport, but he is especially keen on Association football, cricket and lawn tennis.

Mr. Sewell has recently been appointed an assistant secretary.

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Throughout the Service

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Canada on the Sea

THAT Canada should foster a "sea-consciousness" for herself was but lately reaffirmed by Mr. Aemilius Jarvis when retiring from the active presidency of the Navy League. It is a tenet of the Navy League that Canada should maintain an interest on the sea. A country touching two oceans, a nation with huge public interest in railways, cannot reap the full profit from her products if rail transport is not supplemented by ocean communications. Canada's merchandise should not lie at her ports for others to transport.

But it follows that Canada cannot build up an interest on the sea without Canadian sailors. An adequate number of Canadians must adopt the sea as a vocation, and, as Mr. Jarvis stated, "it is essential that institutions be provided through such an organization as the Navy League for the proper housing of Canadian sailors when ashore."

As a part of the Empire which has thrived by development of the ocean highways Canada can acquire a "sea-consciousness" which will enable her to "talk to the world."

The Ghost of Fear

WHEN you see a cur dog running down the street with his head hanging and his tail between his legs, the first impulse is to kick him. But the fellow that trots briskly up to us, head erect and tail a-wag, finds us usually glad to see him, ready to give a smile and a pat instead of a kick.

It is much easier and far more profitable to be positive than negative. Canada needs positive thinkers and there are unlimited fields for men who can lay the ghost of fear.

Rum and the Indian

A DARK rumour has come down through the years—and the *canard* is still given credence in some quarters—that in its early operations the Company employed spirituous liquors in the Indian trade, to the degradation of the native and the profit of the H.B.C.

To anyone examining the original old records, reports, regulations and orders-in-council promulgated by officials of the Company, it becomes clear that H.B.C. never countenanced or recognized the practice. Among many references in the archives, the following alone will serve to illustrate:

From the orders of the board to the governor and council at Eastmain Factory, Hudson Bay, dated 26th May, 1802: *"Some of our inland traders are apt to become very lavish with spirituous liquors amongst the Indians. This conduct is exceeding wrong and we desire that it be discontinued.* We also caution our traders against using harsh language to the natives. It can answer no good."

From the sailing orders and instructions to the captain of the H.B.C. schooner *Mink*, dated 15th July, 1874: *"In your outward-bound passage you are not to carry out or permit or connive at any person or persons taking on board our ship any spirituous liquors."*

Doubtless in some instances at isolated posts in the wilderness there were infractions of the rules. Sometimes the excuse was given that free traders employed liquor lavishly in their dealings with the Indians and that the offending H.B.C. servant was com-

OUR COVER

THE illustration comprising our front cover this month represents a modern H.B.C. fur brigade in the Nipigon country of northern Ontario. Nine men form the crew of the large "North" or freight canoe. They are shown resting on the paddles while a Hudson's Bay Point Blanket is spread to the wind.

pelled to fight fire-water with fire-water. But over the whole of the service for the whole of the time H.B.C. has operated in the Northland the record is remarkably clean. For sagacious handling of the Indians and fair dealing the Company set a shining example. The Indian degraded or mistreated would not have continued zealously loyal to H.B.C. through so many generations.

Gone, But—

THE good old summer time has sped. Swift-falling twilights and chill evenings halt incipient golf and tennis contests and send the outdoorsman homeward thinking of the fur-collared coat that soon must be in active requisition.

A short but intensely busy season is summer in the prairie northwest. A time to build up stamina against the red-blooded demands of husky winter. Gardening time, when some who hold that sports are idle and inane, raise blisters and green grocers' truck on backyard plots. Beach time and camp time, when one may commune with the very soul of nature, learning at first hand about wild two-legged and four-legged things, plants, flowers and insects; learning also new facts about bush culinary and baching, tanning tender skins, keeping a canoe dry inside, how a "flapper" can dance to the sough of soft music in the pavilion, and—what real hunger is if the larder runs lean in camp.

The good old summer time is but a torn sheaf from the calendar—and MEMORIES. But there's more power in your good right arm; more "pep" in your gait and light in your eye. You can smile at the frost. You are ready for a frolic or a blizzard.

Let the cur-r-lin' come!

Why Drown?

SO many of us spend a large part of our vacation in a canoe, a motor boat or "just bathing" that it is well to remember this:

The best way to drown is to throw up both hands and shout "Help." Many good barrels have been ruined by rolling drowned people over them. Learn the proper method of resuscitation before going to "the Beach." Never take a girl canoeing unless you can swim for two, or know that the girl can save you. And remember, a canoe is different to a canal boat. It is safe to stand up in a canal boat.

Through Back Windows

FOR an insight into a man's true character let us always examine the *rear* of his house. The front is a sham. The rear alone is sincere.

From the street the world beholds only a mask. The front is ornate; the steps are clean; the windows shine like mirrors; the neat curtains are closely drawn and it is not often that one may obtain a glimpse of the inmates.

But to us who command the rear view all masks are dropped. The house is rough and unfinished. Its dingy walls are broken with mere square holes of windows. And the back yard is a sort of airing place for family secrets. Here are all the whippings and scoldings of the children, the accumulating place of dust, dirt and rubbish, the place where the cats serenade on fences at night.

How like a man's house are his dealings with the world! The side of him that people see is garnished by a thousand decorative touches; by carefully selected phrases; by judicious smiles and sympathetic sighs; by fulsome compliments that may mean nothing or everything.

We so strive that people should like us and think only nice things of us that we spend most of our time in decorating the "front." What bare and uninviting walls we often leave behind!

We are all-observant of what our neighbors do. We do not fail to see the rubbish in their back yards and all of the disagreeable things at their rear windows.

Isn't it possible that in looking at the back of other people's houses we sometimes neglect our own?

When?

AT what hour should a man rise? "Early," said Benjamin Franklin. "Late," said St. Augustine. "Any time," said Rousseau.

Looking backwards through history, we find a great variety of evidence on this question. Beethoven, in his latter years, breakfasted at three in the afternoon. Napoleon lost Waterloo because he slept until noon.

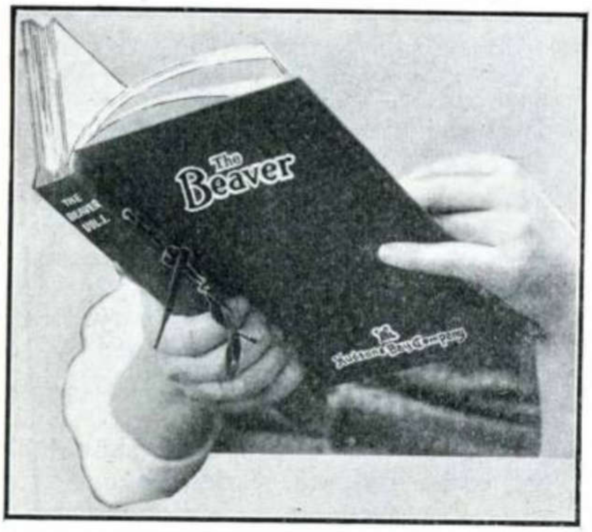
Sir Isaac Newton was often still snoring at midday. Ruskin probably never saw a sunrise. Darwin arrived daily at his studio about eleven and Abraham Lincoln once moved to open court at twelve instead of ten. Ibsen, appearing in his nightshirt, scandalized his neighbors by standing at an open window taking breathing exercises while the others of his household were eating luncheon.

Oliver Goldsmith rarely left his house until nightfall. Dr. Johnson was called every morning at nine and then took three hours to wake up. Shakespeare conducted his affairs from his bed, and Mark Twain wrote his last two books there. Montaigne said the daytime was "lonely," and Dean Swift complained that the penalty of being a dean was that he had to live too close to the cathedral and be awakened too early by its chimes.

The point of the whole matter is that for the man who lives by his "cerebellum" the day commences around noon. The morning is only for the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. And when we boast about the pleasures of rising at cock-crow in order to experience the glory of the morning and arrive at the desk before eight-thirty we are simply easing by the euphemism of self-cajolery the reality of our hard servitude.

Order a Binder for Your "Beavers"--60c

EVERYONE who is genuinely interested in our little family magazine will wish to preserve a complete set of VOLUME II. The numbers issued up to date should prove a valuable historical record, not alone of the Company and its employees during 1921-22, but of H. B. C. achievements in years gone by.



We offer for the nominal sum of 60c, postpaid, a practical, handy loose-leaf binder cover for Vol. II of *The Beaver* (12 numbers and General Index). The construction is of a sturdy green canvas-covered board. When you receive your binder it will be necessary to punch three holes in the margin of all your copies of the magazine, to correspond with holes in the binder. A common shoe lace does the binding.

Order your binder NOW, through Associate Editor at your branch, or write:

The Publicity Agent
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
Winnipeg, Manitoba

$2 For Best Last Line

LIMERICK No. 3

A boxer who'd ne'er won a fight
Was matched with the champion one night.
As he rose from his chair
He thought fists filled the air;

FOR the best fifth or final line to the above received before September 25th The Beaver will pay $2. Your last line must rhyme with the first two lines and be of the same metre. Not more than five last lines may be submitted by each contestant. Address all communications to Puzzle Editor, The Beaver.

LAST MONTH'S RESULTS

PRIZE for last month's best last line for the "Lady of Clewer" limerick (page 11, col. 1, August issue) was awarded to *W. I. Leatham, stock room, Hudson's Bay Company, retail, Vancouver.* The winning line read, "*'Twas as good as a movie, for sure.*"

Contestants deserving special mention are: Cyril E. Louth, H.B.C., Yorkton, Sask.—"*But get up and finish your tour.*"

A. Milne, clerk, H.B.C., Pointe Bleu, P.Q.—"*Your calves are alright I am sure.*"

W. A. Mitchell, stores administration offices, H.B.C., Winnipeg—"*You can still distance any pursuer.*"

Right — H. A. Halvorsen, H.B.C. post manager at Kowkash, Ont., and wife.

At the Left — Adrian (Buddy) Mapstone, seventeen months' old daughter of E. F. Mapstone, Chief Accountant's office, Winnipeg, all ready for a dip in Lake Winnipeg, at Gimli, Man.

THANKS TO H.B.C.

By Mary Priestly Prime
(ex London Office)

An H.B.C. in miniature
Is what I duly run to-day.
The filing I have overhauled;
Cleared up a muddle which appalled
Even a mortal frail like me:
And now I—like the H.B.C.—
Keep divers records fair to see
Of all I send away.

A year ago I should have sat
And wept large tears such things to see—
A filing system quite awry
(Which might have made a Spartan cry!)
And letters in a muddle quite
Enough to keep awake at night
A secretary filled with fright
Who knew not H.B.C.

I set to work and made a plan
(Based on the plans of H.B.C.),
And now if ever we are writing
Business letters—(very biting)—
We can refer without delay
To what he *wrote the other day,*
And quickly write what we should say,
Thanks to the H.B.C.

THE RADIO NUT

By C. E. Louth

He sits all night and he sits all day
With receivers to his ears,
And he tells us tales, oh wondrous tales,
Of the wonderful things he hears.
He hears the Japs and he hears the Chinks,
And he hears the Germans too;
He hears the Russians trying to fight,
And the bargaining of the Jew.
He hears the lovely concerts that the Free Press often holds,
And he claps his hands when he hears the bands,
And shouts "'Tis better than gold
To be able to hear, while sitting here,
All snug and out of the cold,
The beautiful music sweet and bright,
That wanders around the sky at night."

Oh! he's a nut, we'll all admit—
A nut o'er the radiophone.
But all we can safely say is this—
That he is not alone;
For many men's brains, as we all know,
Have been turned by that bloomin' old radio.
But we should worry and we should fret,
For the radiophone hasn't got us yet.
"But don't ever worry," our friends do say;
"It may get you tomorrow, or even today."
So beware, kind friends, and watch where you go,
Or your brain will be turned by that old radio.

COTTON

By T. P. WEBSTER

—in the *Canadian Purchasor*

THE importance of cotton in the civilized life of to-day is probably but vaguely realized by the majority of people. In the U.S.A. they consume raw cotton at the rate of about twenty-six pounds per capita each year, which if translated to yards of cloth and other fabric would make a strip longer than the distance from the earth to the moon, and a yard wide all the way.

Perhaps the best illustration of the importance of this fibre can be found in the plight of Germany during the great war. In spite of her accumulated stores of cotton and her domestic production of wool, hemp and flax; in spite of the fact that considerable cotton filtered through in the early months of the blockade, her population at the end of four years was wearing clothes made of paper. Tablecloths, napkins, towels, sheets, underwear, hosiery, not to mention draperies, were practically unobtainable. Bandages and surgical dressing were made of paper; gun-cotton had to be displaced with "ersatz," as did sail cloth, tire duck, and numberless other commodities.

The word "cotton" is said to be derived from an Arabic word, "qutun," originally meaning flax; and the botanical name of the plant, Gossypium, signifying the fleece worn, was first found in the writings of Pliny, and is derived from the Sanskrit. Thus, in the mere origins of the colloquial and scientific designations of the plant, we have ample proof of its antiquity.

In all the cultivated species the plant attains a height of two to four feet. The leaves vary, but all have characteristic lobes. The blossoms also vary a good deal in color, but have this in common, that the seeds are contained in a pod or boll which is filled with a floss not unlike that of the common milkweed. In due course the boll bursts, exposing the mass of fluffy fibre from which the plant derives its extraordinary value. The superiority of cotton over other vegetable fibres, such as hemp or flax, is in the natural twist, which makes it inherently adaptable to spinning. The single fibre consists of a hollow tube having transverse joints at irregular intervals, and this tube, when dry, has a tendency to flatten out and curl. The more of this natural elasticity is found in the fibre the better it is for spinning purposes, and an immature fibre is for this reason unsatisfactory. Cotton is exceedingly susceptible to moisture, and a succession of violent atmospheric changes will cause such a rapid contraction and expansion in its fibre as to destroy its elasticity. From the point of view of the manufacturer there is very little difference between immature cotton and that which has suffered loss of vitality. Besides yielding a natural wool from which a tremendous number of products are derived, the seed of the plant gives forth a highly useful vegetable oil, and the stems and leaves are used for fodder.

The Arabs and Saracens were largely responsible for the introduction of the textile industries to western Europe in the ninth century, but it was not until about the middle of the seventeenth century that any great progress was made. During this time the British began to attempt the cultivation of cotton in their colonies, and it was about 1650 when the first Virginia plantations were begun. Since that time the United States has forged ahead until at present it grows over three-fifths of the world's crop.

The cultivation of cotton in Egypt was begun about 1821, American Sea Island seeds being imported at that time. The fertile alluvial soil of the Nile delta was found particularly adapted to this use, and extensive irrigation later expanded the area. The construction of the great Assouan dam late in the nineteenth century gave a tremendous impetus to the industry. Egyptian cotton is mostly of the long staple variety, the best, known as Sakellarides, averaging an inch and three-quarters. The 1919 crop consisted of sixty per cent. of this variety.

Cotton culture in India is perhaps the oldest of all, but Indian cotton is of the short staple variety, and can only be used by certain manufacturers, most of which are located in Japan and Germany. About twenty-five million acres are said to be under cultivation, but statistics are very meagre.

China has long been a large grower of cotton, but the native species are of a harsh, short fibre. American cotton has recently been introduced to the southern provinces.

Russia began to raise American cotton on a large scale in Turkestan only some fifteen years ago, and bids fair to become a large producer.

The greatest part of the American crop consists of the Upland variety, although, as we have noted, there is a small but important crop of Sea Island in the southern Atlantic States. Another long staple species, known as Pimas, has recently been introduced in Arizona, and the alluvial soil of Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana has produced still other desirable species, locally known as "Rivers," "Peelers" and "Benders."

The cotton season, of course, varies in different latitudes, but the planting is done everywhere in the early spring months. The proper care and fertilization of the soil and its preparation to receive the seed is of the utmost importance. The plant ripens in about four months, so that the picking season in the United States usually begins in August, and continues until the first killing frost. From the time of the opening of the first bolls, the cotton continues to grow, unless killed by drought or insects, until the cold puts a stop to vegetation, and the same stalk frequently contains ripe and immature cotton at the same time. The cotton which matures first and has been least exposed to weather when picked is likely to be freer of spots and discolorations than that which is picked at the end of the season.

The two great enemies of the cotton plant are drought and insect depredations. Late frosts and the right quantity of rain and sunshine are what every cotton planter prays for, and praying is about all he can do in this respect. Not so, however, with insects. Unfortunately, there are a great number of rapacious little creatures, rendered particularly hardy by some caprice of Nature, to whom the growing cotton plant represents an especial delicacy. Against them, the planters, under the guidance of the department of agriculture, are waging continuous warfare. It is said that insect depredation, at pre-war prices, cost the country an annual sum of $60,000,000, more than half of which is attributable to the two worst offenders, the boll weevil and the boll worm. Coming in hordes across the Mexican border, the boll weevil has destroyed millions of bales of cotton annually, and as yet no effective remedy has been found to exterminate it.

Even at that, however, the planter's greatest worry is perhaps not so much the growth as the harvesting of his crop. To get his cotton picked rapidly and properly, an operation for which no successful machinery has yet been devised, and to have it properly ginned, presents his chief problem. If cotton is left too long on the stem it will be exposed to the detrimental effects of the weather. Coloring matter from the newly opened bolls, or from the soil, is washed into the floss by the rain, and while such spots or stains may be bleached out by the sun, the lustrous bloom never returns. Frost will make permanent tinges or stains, and the wind will frequently wrap the pendulous locks of fibre covered seed about the stems of the plant or tangle them up in the leaves.

The classification of cotton into the standard grades fixed by the government constitutes an exceedingly difficult art. There is absolutely no mechanical basis, and the classification is a purely relative one. The top grades have to show practically a perfect, lustrous, silky, white and clear fibre.

Aside from grade, length and strength are of equal importance to the manufacturer. Cotton 1 1-8 inch is termed short, while that over 1 1-8 inch is long. The normal lengths run from 3-4 inch to 1 7-8 inch.

CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS

Little Helen—Mamma, the minister told me today that God gave me to you.

Mother—Well, He did, my dear.

Helen—Then somebody isn't telling the truth. I heard auntie telling Mrs. Brown that the court gave me to you.

"Mother," little Archie said, "it wasn't the stork that brought baby."

"Who was it, then?" his mother asked, curious to hear what idea her small son had in his head.

"It was the milkman," Archie replied with absolute positiveness. "He has a sign painted right on his wagon: 'Families Supplied Daily.' "

BEAVER CHIPS

SEW SEW

"How do you feel?" asked the physician who had been called to attend the seamstress. "Oh, sew, sew, but I seam worse today and have stitches in my side." The doctor hemmed and told her she would mend soon.

A PROHIBITION RUB-DOWN

Patient Parent—Well, child, what on earth's the matter now?

Young Hopeful (who has been bathing with his bigger brother)—Willie dropped the towel in the water and he's dried me wetter than I was before.

NO EPITAPH FOR HIM

"Just bear in mind, my boy."

"What, dad?"

"You don't find any epitaph in any cemetery reading, "Here lies a crackerjack poolplayer."

TAKES CARE OF 'EM

Mrs. Goodsole—I am soliciting for the poor. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?

Mr. Longsufferer—I hang them up carefully and put on my pyjamas. Then I resume them in the morning.

SIMPLIFIED ANATOMY

Mary had been spanked by her mother. She was crying in the hallway, when the minister entered.

"Well, well, what's the matter with my little girl to-day?" he inquired.

"It hurts," she sobbed.

"What hurts, my dear?"

"The back of my lap."

TICKLISH

I hate my woolen underwear!
  I'm mad enough to bawl!
It itches here, it itches there!
  The darned itch seems to crawl!
And when I start to scratch somewhere,
  That aint the place at all.

ONE WAY OUT

"Our dance floor is small, and I'm afraid it will be too crowded. Hadn't we better limit the invitation to, say, a hundred?"

"No; just ask all the fellows to bring thin girls."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Editor—I am having some trouble with my fiancee. She seems to want everything her own way, and I want something my way once in a while. What do you advise me to do?
—Alfred

Dear Alfred—Get accustomed to it as soon as you can.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS

A wig which was lost by an American whilst bathing at Palm Beach was washed ashore by the tide the following day. An enterprising firm is now bottling the stuff and selling it as a proved "hair-restorer."

CURTAIN

Husband (newly married): Don't you think love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?

Wife: Ah, you are the most unselfish and thoughtful husband in the world; certainly it would.

Husband: Well, then, take the curtains down.

SHE COPPED IT

"Oh, please, m'am," gasped the nursemaid, "I've lost little Nora!"

"Gracious, girl! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?"

"I was speaking to one at the time, m'am."

ADDITIONS TO HISTORICAL EXHIBIT

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is made of the receipt of the following items for the H.B.C. historical exhibit at Winnipeg:

Picture frame souvenir and photograph of Ss. Pelican and notebook from Moose Factory containing notes written about 1840. Loaned by Mr. H. M. S. Cotter.

Sample of Cree syllabic writing and translation of same presented by Archdeacon Faries of York Factory.

Red stone pipe presented by Mr. Sebastien McKenzie, manager of H.B.C. post at Fort McKenzie, Ungava.

Pair of beaded cuffs and pair of beaded rosettes, being jacket ornaments made for Chief Big Canoe of Lake Simcoe, Ontario, presented by Mr. H. Smith, Winnipeg.

Lieut-Col. H. Swinford has presented the top of a jackstaff formerly over the gate of Fort Garry and which jackstaff was blown down in a storm about 1872.

MURDERED ENGLISH

THE following has been submitted as an illustration of what can be done with and to our English language when one has the nerve to do it. The composition is credited to a foreigner in a Winnipeg night school:

THE FROG

What a queer bird the frog are
When he sit he stand, almost.
When he hop he fly, almost.
He ain't got no sense, hardly.
He ain't got no tail hardly, either.
He sit on what he ain't got, almost.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WILL

Last Will and Testament of Charles Lounsbury

AS a literary masterpiece Charles L. Lounsbury's last will and testament will endure. No man was ever actuated by more beautiful sentiments. Other men, more successful in business, have something more tangible to leave and need to have their wishes expressed in language that is direct, precise and practical. The will reads:

I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

I. That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheepbound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my will.

II. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

III. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

IV. I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely and according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles, and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willow that dips therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

V. I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there to be found. And I give to said boys, each his own place at the fireside, at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance of care.

VI. To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as to the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

VII. To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

VIII. And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Shakespeare and Burns and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

IX. To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

CHARLES LOUNSBURY. (Seal)

WINNIPEG

It is rumored that next year when certain St. James folk go on their holidays they are going to wear raincoats to bed. Ask Jean Leckie the reason.

Further extracts from *Beaver* prize novel: "Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly. She fell into his arms and he was very busy for the next few minutes. But the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly. "No," she murmured. "It's *hay fever,* but go on with the treatment."

News from Selkirk is to the effect that Chas. Johnstone was seen passing through that "burg" one morning at 6.30 a.m. in a "Henry" going at a dizzy clip in the direction of Winnipeg, apparently returning from the beach. To enquiries as to whether his delayed return was due to a puncture or to a prairie "chicken," Charlie is mum.

Considerable curiosity is rampant as to how Mr. Aulis got such a sore eye. He says it's a cold; but a spooning couple who were performing outside his domicile quite late one night, and upon whom he kept a close eye, may have been the innocent cause.

A little bird has whispered that Miss Miller of the grocery department is one of the next brides-to-be.

Pat Slavin, of the grocery department, was married August 12th. His associates gave him a rousing send-off.

Her friends will all be glad to know Miss Aileen Hunter has fully recovered from the severe shock she received when a rash attempt was made to kidnap her on her way back from lunch last week.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

"You got a bad cold, girlie."

"Yes, without a moment's warning the floorwalker took me out of furs and put me into chiffons."

WHAT DOES "PLEASE" COST?

The cost of the word "please" in telegraph tolls in the United States is estimated to be $1,000,000 a year.

Was there ever a better lesson in the value of good breeding and courtesy? Business men have found that word "please" is worth all it costs. *Courtesy gets results.*

THE DIPLOMAT!

Possibly you have not heard the story of the lady who went to purchase shoes in a Portage Avenue store. She had considerable difficulty in being fitted and asked the clerk why she was so much more difficult to fit than anybody else, and he said, "Well, madam, one of your feet is bigger than the other," so the lady walked out in a huff. She then went into another store and had practically the same trouble. She asked the clerk the reason and he explained, "Madam, one of your feet is smaller than the other," and he finally sold her six pairs of shoes.

MR. SAALFELDT

WE regret to record the death of W. Saalfeldt, manager of the hairdressing parlors at Winnipeg store. The cause of his death was cancer. He passed away peacefully at Vancouver on August 3rd.

After treatment in the Winnipeg general hospital he undertook a trip to the coast to recuperate, when the end came very suddenly. Only a day previous Mr. Ogston had received a cheery letter from him telling how much better he was feeling for the change.

Before Mr. Saalfeldt came to Winnipeg, some sixteen years ago, he was the owner of a hairdressing establishment in Bond street, London, England, and was a hairdresser of the court.

About 1906 he came to Winnipeg and established himself as a hairdresser. In 1909 he started one of the finest hairdressing establishments on the corner of Ellice and Garry under the name of Saalfeldt and McLean, where he employed many who are today established for themselves in Winnipeg.

Mr. Saalfeldt was one of the best experts in the hair goods trade to be found in Europe. He was also a vice-president of the Canadian Hairdressing Association.

Tennis Tournament

THIS interesting event is proceeding apace and is now well on toward the finals. The club is planning to make Labor Day, September 4th, a day that will be long remembered by sports lovers. The semi-finals and finals in most events are scheduled to take place then and, with the assistance of the ladies, an enjoyable social time is looked forward to by all.

Many hard fought contests have been witnessed the past month during rounds 1, 2 and 3. Ladies still fighting hard in the singles are: *Miss Arkless, Mrs. Wylie, Miss Burnett, Miss Elmhurst, Miss Griffith, Miss McFayden*. In the men's singles, Mr. Paul, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Welch, Mr. Seal and Mr. Bowdler are still battling for supremacy.

The men's doubles has reached the final stage, but there are still many games to play in the mixed doubles and ladies' doubles.

It behooves all players to do their utmost from now on to play off their games on schedule in order that championships be decided before the courts close for the season.

Football

DURING August further progress was made toward the completion of our league schedule. Street Railway were met and defeated after a spirited contest, 2-1.

Crescent Creamery were then visited, H.B.C. suffering a 1-0 reverse. Next in order came Stovels, who defaulted.

On August 18th, City Firemen were met and H.B.C. were determined to win. The previous meeting between these two teams had resulted in a loss for the Beavers by 3-1. The game had been played in a deluge of rain throughout, H.B.C. only having nine players, so that in the return encounter we had a score to repay.

The result this time was a win for our team by 1-0. At no time during the game did the Firemen look dangerous, so well did each Hudson's Bay man play. The pressure was continual and only excellent defence and goal tending on the part of the Firemen kept the score so close.

Jack Allen scored for H.B.C. Great credit is due our halfbacks for their good work. The defense easily held the Firemen in check, while the forward line worked some very pretty plays.

H.B.C. team consisted of—*Goal, J. Scott; backs, T. Reith, W. Patterson; halfbacks, A. Hood, G. Niven, D. Ross; forwards, A. Stannard, F. Upjohn, R. Kane, A. Thompson and J. Allen.*

FOR SALE

Five-roomed bungalow in East Kildonan; built right through with genuine English packing cases. Guaranteed to stand cyclones. Hot air heated, no fuel needed. Make your own terms. Balance like rent. Built by owner in spare time. Snap it up before it falls to pieces. Phone L.J. 1209.

Vacation Notes

From mid-July to the end of August is the store's great holiday period. By that date July sales are over and Dog Days are upon us for several weeks, making everyone long to escape from the city bricks and mortar to cool lakeside and refreshing country scenes; to fish, to bathe, to swim, to canoe, to ramble, to bask in the sun; to come back after a week or two of such treatment—brown as berries, hard as nails, fit as fiddles, ready to tackle anything in the way of work and call it child's play.

A few who have recently returned from vacations or are even now enjoying them are: Mr. Hughes, who has a cottage for the season at Matlock and periodically visits that spot. Mr. Ogston travels to Malachi every week-end, where his family are established every summer.

Mr. Drennan even now is spending two weeks at the same resort, while Mr. Gilkerson is visiting Minneapolis.

Mr. Bowdler recently returned from Keewatin and Mr. Reith from Grand Marais, both as brown as Indians.

Mr. Pearen favored Delta Beach and enjoyed a pleasant two weeks' stay, Mr. Coulter going to Winnipeg Beach. Mr. Arthur Robinson spent a vigorous vacation pitching hay and rounding up the cows on a farm at Belmont.

Fred Parker, Tom Johnstone, and Ron. McLeod each have fine camps at Grand Beach and spend many a vacation and week-end there. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Aveson spent two jolly weeks at Minaki. Miss Smith and Miss Boake are on a trip of three weeks' duration to the coast.

Others have been frolicking on golf links and tennis courts or jaunting around in autos of various brands, all making the most of the fine summer weather.

With all this health and "pep" absorbed and stored for use during fall, winter and spring business, some brisk doings around the old Winnipeg store can be confidently looked for.

FROM A FORMER COUNTER JUMPER

—Now in the Winnipeg Store

We are called dry goods clerks in this land, but in England it is "drapers" or "counter jumpers." My object in penning a few lines is to ask if more could not be done in the way of introducing novelties, or anything likely to catch the eye of customers who come in to see our goods, very likely with a view of being eventually purchasers.

One need not be officious, but in a pleasant way point to a certain article that is likely to please. Much trade in the old land is done by introducing goods that are prominently displayed on the counters. I think if this were done in a kindly spirit here our trade might also be increased in a way that would surprise one.

The employes should at all times be prepared to please and do the best possible for any customers, be they purchasers or not. Our motto should be *customers first;* then I am sure the interest of any firm would be studied and duly appreciated by both.

Important Welfare Work

—At Winnipeg Retail

HUDSON'S BAY employees' welfare association at Winnipeg retail this year has been continuing and even enlarging upon its previous good work, according to a statement made by Secretary P. Harrison recently.

Several employees who were seriously ill during the past few months appreciated the sick benefit remittance from the association; also the flowers sent to the bedsides.

Article nine, added to the constitution of the welfare association this year, provides for *free medical treatment and free drugs* to sick members. It is thought that this *proviso* is a step in advance of any other H.B.C. welfare association in Canada. Article nine follows:

Any member requiring medical assistance will, where possible, communicate with the timekeeper, who will inform one of the directors of the case. The director will then 'phone the association's authorized physician, duly elected and agreed upon by the association, to take up the case. It must be distinctly understood that only cases of ordinary ailments will be considered; cases of a serious nature must be brought before the board of directors before doctor's services can be available. The association also agree to provide drugs free of cost when prescribed by the association's doctor.

The Winnipeg store welfare association was founded in July, 1917, and since that time has been a "going concern," despite the heavy ravages of influenza and the annual drain upon the treasury occasioned by the large amount of sickness among members during each winter.

The success of the association has been such that other H.B.C. welfare associations farther west have been led to organize and conduct operations along similar lines to those followed by the pioneer Winnipeg association.

A STOIC

A New York East Side boy was asked by his teacher, "What is a stoic?"

"A stoic?—oh, dat's de boid dat brings de kids!"

LAND DEPT. NOTES

The land commissioner returned to Winnipeg August 18th, after a six weeks' journey to England on Company's business.

Miss Hazel Elmhirst will leave the service this month to become the bride, on September 20th, of Harry A. Lye, of MacGregor, Man.

The Coal Situation

A Word of Warning

By LUCAS G. THOMPSON

ALTHOUGH many of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company are doubtless aware that there has been a strike of coal miners both in Canada and in the United States, it may not be out of place to give a timely word of warning in this issue of *The Beaver*. This is addressed more particularly to those who have domestic heating problems to worry over.

This strike of miners commenced both in Canada and in the United States on April 1st last. With the causes, the present tendency to lower the high wages of war time and the many economic problems inseparably involved in this lowering of the wage scale, this article does not concern itself. The present intention is to point out the seriousness of the coal situation for the coming winter.

This country consumes immense amounts of coal during the seven months of cold weather for domestic purposes only. This is far more than the production of the mines during those months. Therefore, we depend upon reserve stocks which are built up during the summer months. *This summer there is no reserve built up.* In addition to the domestic requirements great quantities of coal are needed in the industries which are essential to our civilization and which furnish employment and the very necessaries of life to a large portion of our community. It is therefore essential that the industries get as large a portion of coal as possible—*and they will get it.*

Winnipeg may be safely taken as the eastern limit affected by the coal strike in Western Canada. This city has become more and more dependent on Western coal, which is a very good thing for all of us. This year we must realize that this source has been greatly curtailed, as has the American source.

In past years we have had serious fuel shortages entailed by strikes in Canada and in the United States. These shortages have been remedied by reserves drawn from one country or the other, as the strikes have not been simultaneous. This year we are faced with a shortage caused by a *simultaneous strike* both in Canada and the United States. At the date of writing, this strike is of four months' duration, with no immediate chances of settlement. The conclusion is obvious. Be sure to order your coal early and take extra precautions to ensure that your *furnace* will keep *your* family from physical hardship *next* winter.

WHOLESALE-DEPOT

The annual picnic of wholesale-depot employees at Selkirk last month was an event which all heartily enjoyed. A full programme of sports was run off, featured by the men's amusing pillow fight, in which W. Watson was the sole survivor. Others found it too difficult to sit astride the horizontal pole while being whanged at with a pillow. A. Brock was chairman of the transportation, food and sports committees which handled the picnic so successfully.

We welcome Miss Alice Caldwell and Miss Jean Thomson. Miss Caldwell takes Miss Mercer's duties and Miss Thomson operates the comptometer in place of Miss Kellett, who left recently.

Bob Campbell, who for nine years has been on the sales staff of the tobacco department, left on August the 18th. Bob carries away the best wishes for his success from everybody.

"*I'm a Daddy*" reports Lennie Coote, of the dry goods department. August 12th, Mr. Stork paid a visit and left a daughter.

Miss Mercer, of the grocery department, was recently married to Mr. Wylie, who at one time was on the candy factory staff. Mr. Veysey, in making a presentation of a handsome case of Community silver and carving set, made a very appropriate speech. Miss Mercer takes with her the good wishes of the entire staff.

Chief Rain-in-the-Face had better look to his laurels. Ye associate editor is after his scalp. Our latest catch (evidence herewith) measured 43½ inches. Unfortunately we were unable to weigh the fish, which, it is understood, is but a very few inches shorter than the famous "muskie" caught by the chief.

A Budding Romance

A square of paper containing the name and address of a bonnie Scotch lassie was found in a case of Brown & Polson's flour last month. The finder has, we understand, duly acknowledged receipt of same and is hoping that Maggie White will now entrust her further correspondence to His Majesty's mails. Should Maggie decide to come to the 'Peg we want to assure Harry that, besides our moral support and the well wishes of the staff, he can count on us for something more substantial. "Keep your eye on Paisley," says Harry.

Stock Turnover

By S. D. GILKERSON

IT is sound business principle to price merchandise in relation to replacement values, and a merchant should accept this principle working both ways.

There is a difference between margin and profit. Margin is the gross the merchant makes on the selling price of his wares, while profit is the amount left after all operating expenses have been deducted.

Don't figure your margin on the cost of the article. Figure it on the selling price. Thus, if an article cost $1.00 and you wish to make 25 per cent. margin, the article should be priced at $1.33⅓ (in practice $1.35) and not $1.25.

The rule for computing this price is as follows: Subtract the margin you wish to make from 100 and divide the cost by the result. In this case you would subtract 25 from 100 and divide it into $1.00, the result being $1.33⅓.

If you buy an article for a dollar, your margin, if sold for $2.00, is 50 per cent. You can never make 100 per cent. because 100 per cent. is always the total of what you get.

The average cost of conducting a grocery business is 16⅔ per cent. On many articles, between 45 and 50 per cent. of the gross sales do not bring in margin as large as the cost of operation. These include staples such as sugar, flour and others. On the other 50 or 55 per cent. of the articles handled it is necessary to make a margin correspondingly high in order to have a paying business.

The merchant should buy only such goods as he needs. To underbuy rather than to overbuy everything in such quantities only as his business requires.

All things, if pushed intelligently so that more volume is turned under the same load of overhead, result in increased ratio of margin to the turnover. Certain commodities have the supremely valuable property of lifting other things with them. When these are pushed vigorously, not only do they yield increased profits in increased ratio but their sale tends to better the turnover in other lines. Such things elevate the tone of the store, increase its average profit yield. Everything done to speed the sale of such items reacts favourably on the entire business. Oranges and lemons are among these lines.

To derive the maximum results from the sale of oranges and lemons one must buy and sell them every week or oftener. Do not carry more than such supply as can surely be sold out clear and fresh every seven days. Buy less if you like, or if you are in doubt, but never buy more. You want your sales to grow and the surest road to growth is by rapid sale of conservative stocks.

The reason for this lies in the fact that only when fresh fruit stock is turned over every week can you make 52 profits a year practically without waste—turnover and not leftovers.

Lake Superior District Office News

H. G. Woods, assistant district manager, left on a trip of inspection for Lac Seul and Osnaburgh posts on August 1st, accompanied by Mrs. Woods and their son Charlie, who will leave him at Lac Seul. Mrs. Woods and Charlie returned on the 16th, after having a very enjoyable time, and expounded greatly on the beauties of Lac Seul post.

Alex. Anderson left on his holidays for Rossport, returning on Monday, August 15th, after a very enjoyable time fishing, etc. Amongst his catch he got a fine seven-pound speckled trout.

P. S. McGuire, of Nipigon House post, arrived at the office with his books and accounts August 3rd, departing for his post on the 5th.

S. A. Taylor arrived August 4th from a buying trip to the Winnipeg depot, leaving the next day for Long lake.

Patrick J. Duggan, late of Nipigon post, arrived at the office on the 17th to take up his duties with the Hudson's Bay Company again, feeling that after his few months' absence there is nothing like the old Company.

J. H. A. Wilmot, district accountant, with Mrs. Wilmot and child, returned on August 1st, after a visit to Minaki and Winnipeg, having had an enjoyable time renewing acquaitances at both places.

Central African Tribesman

By P. SMITH

Stores Administration Offices

TO one who is not seriously affected by that uncomfortable feeling called *mal-de-mer* (you know, it makes one feel "so unnecessary") a sea voyage is perhaps one of the most delightful experiences.

It was on the good ship *R.M.S. Lapland*, returning from a holiday in England, nearing port, that we had one of those fancy dress dinners. My berth companion, recently returned from Africa (no, he was not a cannibal!), had a very fine leopard skin, and, in a weak moment, I consented to disguise myself and add to the amusement in the dining saloon.

So, with my visible parts blackened, hair all tousled, I donned the leopard skin, and with a travelling rug around my loins, native belt, tomahawk and giant pipe, etc., I sallied forth into the saloon, the while muttering my 'Cow-chow, buff-to-Indi, ah-mah-saydi," etc., gesticulating, and looking more ferocious than usual.

The effect was a surprise, even to myself. I could hardly take my seat at the table, and had to parade round the saloon muttering my gibberish. When eventually I sat down, the young lady on my left was almost in hysterics with amusement and excitement, and I had to severely threaten her with my tomahawk and native language to protect myself from her attentions.

Needless to say, no English was spoken by me during the whole evening, and everybody was wondering who I was. During the evening a flashlight photograph was taken, but some of the masquerades must have been too bad for preservation, for we never saw ourselves again "as others see us." There were some splendid make-ups. A "Bolshevik" carried off first prize among the men. I was quite content with second.

This was my first trip to New York (and through Canada via Niagara Falls), and I well remember steaming into New York harbour and passing the Statue of Liberty on our starboard. This was a most impressive sight. They tell me that from a bird's-eye view it represents an illuminated star. I also remember, when in the vicinity, they asked me "Why is the little finger on the uplifted hand of the Statue of Liberty only 11 inches long?" and, professing ignorance on this intricate problem, the answer came back, "Because if it were twelve inches long it would be a foot."

PAID IN FULL

An Englishman and a Scotchman were traveling north together, and to pass the time indulged in a game of nap. On settling up at Carlisle, when the Englishman had to get out, it was found that he owed the Scot one shilling and sixpence halfpenny. He paid the one shilling and sixpence, but found that he had no coppers.

"A-weel," said the Scot, "never mind, I'll just be takin' your evenin' paper."

Who is the prettiest young lady in the Hudson's Bay Company's service? Don't all speak at once! The puzzle is, who would be the judge?

HORSE PLAY

"'Ullow, 'awkings; wot's wrong with the bloomin' 'orse?"

"Well, you see, guvnor, 'e was rid by a lydy in pants, and 'e got a bit of a stiff neck."

DISCONTENT

There are two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second.—*Lorimer.*

FAIR WEYMONTACHINGUE

By Lotta A. Gannett

With purple, blue and rosy tints,
With gleaming silver, golden glints,
The westering sun sinks down to rest
Upon the tree-girt mountain's breast.
The river rushes to the falls
And tumbles down with riotous calls.
The listening moose upon the hill
Hears his mate's call in the rill.
A baying hound sends forth his cry
To an Indian canoeing swiftly by.
A wearied bird, tired from flight,
Sends forth his carol to the night.
The sun drops low and draws night's shade;
Sweet silence falls on hill and glade;
Sweet peace—one's troubles all take wing
When night falls on Weymontachingue!

EDMONTON

Store Notes

C. Digney, display manager, left on a two-weeks' vacation which will take the form of a motor tour to various places of interest in the surrounding districts.

Misses Doris McLeod and Rose Tidsbury are progressing favorably after their unfortunate accidents on the basketball field during recent league games, and will in all probability be again available to finish out the final games.

Miss Heard, head saleslady in the ready-to-wear department, left on two weeks' vacation.

Misses Hazel Barker and Mae McGahy, of the office staff, left on a two-weeks' vacation trip.

Miss Jennie Jones, of the transfer desk, has returned after a leave of absence covering twelve months in Wales. We are pleased to welcome "Jennie" back to her old position. Miss Edna Alumbaugh has filled her place very creditably during her absence.

Miss McKay, of the hosiery department, is away on two months' leave of absence.

W. Briggs, department manager of the whitewear and infants' wear section, leaves on an extensive trip visiting the leading eastern markets of Canada and the States.

Mrs. Winn, of the staples section, is away on sick leave, but is progressing favorably.

A DIFFICULT COURSE

An astronomer was entertaining a Scotch friend. He showed his visitor the moon through a telescope and asked him what he thought of the satellite. "It's a' richt," replied the Scot who was an enthusiastic golfer, "but it's awfu' fu' o' bunkers."

HE KNEW THE PLACE

Stranger (at Continental palace gates)—This is visitors' day, is it not?

Attendant—Yes, sir. Shall I show you around?

Stranger—Oh, don't trouble. I used to be King here once.

CONCENTRATION

Turner, the great English artist, spent an entire day once sitting upon a rock throwing pebbles into a lake. His companions laughed at him for being so wasteful of hours during which they were having a good time. But no other artist could paint such ripples as Turner painted.

Miss Logan is a newcomer to the store, having been engaged for the ladies' ready-to-wear section. We are pleased to welcome her to our ranks.

Miss Mackie, of the ladies' fur department, left for the coast, where she will spend her vacation.

Mrs. Morley, of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, spent a delightful vacation at Jasper visiting all the points of interest in the national park.

The following left the store on vacations last month: *Misses Edna Alumbaugh, Lola Hepburn, Ada Larson, Ena Reid, Malone, McVicar, Doris Knight, Bassett, Blatchford,* and several others. They will all be back ready for the fall business which will soon be starting

Miss Hattie Stevens has been transferred from the china section to the stationery supply room.

Miss McDonald, department manager of the millinery section, is away buying for fall, visiting the larger markets in the East.

July Sale a Success

HOPES ran high that the July sale would top all previous figures. Intense enthusiasm prevailed not only with department heads but with the entire sales force. It was decided at a meeting presided over by Mr. F. F. Harker (store manager) that an executive committee be again formed to outline a campaign for increasing business with the objective in view of beating all records for July sales.

J. Johnson was appointed chairman of the committee, with C. Digney, W. Briggs and Jack Prest, having power to add other department heads when necessary.

From start to finish the sale ran along smoothly and enthusiasm never waned from the opening day to the close. Never a day passed without advertising copy having to be turned down owing to lack of space, and display windows were at a premium for the various lines of merchandise advertised.

The result was as anticipated—a record for July sales. However, this is only a start. Edmonton store intends to surpass every previous year's business. That's our objective.

H.B.C. Basketball Ladies May Win Cup

THE second series of the ladies' mercantile basketball league has now commenced in dead earnest and matches are being played each night on the Company's athletic grounds by ten teams. Big crowds of enthusiastic basketball fans are always in attendance, proving that this popular summer sport for girls is here to stay.

From all indications the H.B.C. team will certainly meet the government telephone head office team in the final, for neither has lost a single point in any of the scheduled league games.

The H.B.C. team is composed of the following: *Doris McLeod (captain), Mae McGahy, Ethel Soley, Violet Blatchford, Rose Tidsbury, Gladys Barker, Hazel Barker and Cecelia Brisette, with Jack Prest as manager.*

OUR ALPHABET

No one really knows all about where the alphabet came from, because it grew very slowly. But we know quite well that no ingenious man sat down and made the alphabet, and we know quite well, too, that the alphabet began as pictures.

Just as a child reads or takes things in by pictures long before it can read letters, so men used to read and write by pictures, and then these pictures were gradually made simpler and simpler, until at last they could be used in every and any way, as our letters can.

We know that the letter O was at first the picture of an eye, and that gradually men made the picture plainer, until at last they drew an O. The letter H was once the picture of a house and very likely a capital A may have been at first the picture of a pyramid.

Ages and ages ago, in Egypt, men used both hands in writing. The priests used the oldest kind, which was the pictures. This was called the sacred writing. But the ordinary people used a different and newer kind of writing, in which the pictures were turned into letters.

Not very many years ago men tried in vain to read the old sacred picture writing of the Egyptians, but they could not. Then they found the wonderful Rosetta stone, and this had written upon it the same thing three times—once in the picture and once in the letters, and also once in other letters, and so men got the key to the picture writing, and now it can be read easily.

Mr. Harker Resigns

It was with profound regret that we learned of the resignation of F. F. Harker, general manager.

During the past three years Mr. Harker has won the respect and love of the whole staff, from office boy to department heads. He was looked upon during business hours more as a friend than as a boss—ready at all times to give kindly counsel and advice and ready to help straighten out any vexing problem to make the daily path of duty smoother when discouragement or misunderstanding loom on the horizon.

Mr. Harker will leave the store better for his coming and a sales force better for his knowing. Our earnest desire is for every success in his future career.

The David Thompson Memorial

By J. PREST, *Associate Editor*

MENTION of the name of David Thompson would convey little meaning to the average Canadian, and yet no one did more in his day to open up new trade routes through the hitherto unknown defiles of the Canadian Rockies and to apply scientific map-making to the geographical exploration of the west.

His day was over a hundred years ago when the trade of the west was entirely a fur-trade and almost entirely in the hands of two great companies, the Hudson's Bay Company, with headquarters in England, and the North-West Company, with headquarters in Montreal.

David Thompson was a charity school boy who came out to Canada in 1784 at the age of fourteen years to take service in the Hudson's Bay Company. Thirteen years later he joined the rival North-West Company, which offered him greater facilities for survey and exploration.

The first trading post established by a white man west of the Rockies in what is now known as British Columbia was erected by David Thompson on the shores of Lake Windermere in July, 1807, and the opening up to civilization of the Columbia and Kootenay rivers was largely due to his enterprise during the succeeding years. Many rivers and lakes in B.C., notably the Thompson river, were discovered and named by this fearless explorer, who was one of the first to traverse the continent from coast to coast when Canada was a primeval wilderness of forest, swamp and prairie.

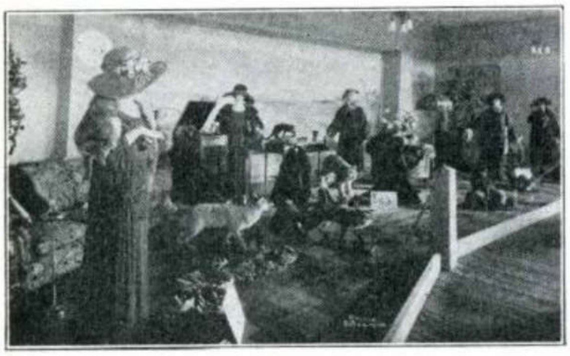
It is estimated by historians who have studied old records and memoirs of his travels whilst in the employ of H.B.C. and the North-West Company that he journeyed by canoe, pack horse, dog sled and on foot no less than 50,000 miles.

One of the first trading posts to be erected by him was on the picturesque shores of Lake Windermere, named Kootenay House. It is on this site that the Hudson's Bay Company and the C.P.R. will jointly build a duplicate of the original fort, with stockades and bastions, for the benefit of the thousands of tourists who yearly visit this beautiful lake in the heart of the Canadian Rockies and within the confines of the national park. Little did Thompson dream of such an honour, in perpetuation of his name, being conferred upon him when toiling with a small band of faithful voyageurs and Indians in the erection of this little trading post in the wild mountain fastnesses of the Rockies in 1807. The fort will be used as a museum for local Indian relics and antiques of the district, and no doubt will be of great historical interest to tourists.

It is not generally known that the Hudson's Bay Company also had established a trading post near Banff which was named Bow Fort. The garrison was massacred by the Blackfeet Indians and the fort burnt to the ground. So warlike and unfriendly were the Blackfeet who roamed around this territory that the fort was never re-established.

In the year 1816 Thompson was engaged by the British government in surveying and defining the boundary line between Canada and the United States from Lower Canada to the Lake-of-the-Woods. So accurate were his records and surveys that when, in 1857, the Canadian government desired to publish a map of Western Canada they had to fall back on the map made by David Thompson in 1813.

SASKATOON
Store News



The H. B. C. Exhibit in the Automobile Building at the Saskatoon Fair last month occasioned much favorable comment.

THE Saskatoon store is now a full grown member of the H.B.C. family. The standardized systems of the Company went into effect on August 1st. All departments are now offering standard H.B.C. lines of merchandise.

R. F. Allen, superintending engineer for all the Company's stores and steam plants, is a visitor at Saskatoon. Mr. Allen will supervise the installation of a modern restaurant and kitchen, which will be proceeded with immediately. A new refrigeration plant to supply the fur storage vault and the grocery refrigerator will also be installed. Modern lavatories for the women customers of the store will be constructed on the second floor adjoining the women's departments. An employees' entrance, facing on the vacant lot north of the building, will be erected, and wash rooms for women employees will soon be constructed.

Awards in the July sales competition, which closed July 22nd, are as follows: Salesperson competition won by W. Nelson, of the furniture department; floor competition won by second floor, department managers being F. W. Sutherland, D. O. Harris and Miss D. Connell; department competition won by C. C. department, of which C. N. Chubb is manager.

H. G. Andrews, of the Vancouver store, has assumed his duties as superintendent of the Saskatoon store.

J. E. Rundle, manager of the fourth floor, is in the East on a buying trip. Joe is optimistic about business on his floor once the restaurant is opened.

Miss D. Connell, manager of the millinery department, is in the eastern markets purchasing for fall.

C. N. Chubb, manager of the smallwares departments, left on August 12th for Toronto, Montreal and New York. Mrs. Chubb and children will spend the winter at Pasadena, Cal.

A. A. Bentley, accountant, is away on a three-weeks' visit to Halifax, N.S. Mrs. Bentley and son Jack, who have been visiting in the East, will return to Saskatoon with Mr. Bentley.

J. P. McNichol, advertising manager, with Mrs. McNichol and little daughter, enjoyed a week's vacation at Wakaw lake. He has a fund of fish stories, but after reading some that have appeared in *The Beaver* he has concluded that his fish stories, being based on fact instead of being creatures of the imagination, are not suitable for publication at the present time.

ENTERED THE MINISTRY

Miss Carrie was hunting chickens, dead or alive. She called to see Aunt Lucy, who usually had a good supply of the feathered tribe. The old colored woman came out of her cabin and declared that all the chickens were "done gone."

"Why, lawsy, Miss Carrie, didn't you know dere was a preachers' conf'ence down dis way? I ain't got one chicken left—dey's all done entered de ministry!"

A TRUE FISH STORY

A NATURALIST, writes James B. Thorsen, once divided an aquarium with a clear glass partition. He put a lusty bass in one section and minnows in the other.

The bass struck every time a minnow approached the glass partition. After three days of fruitless lunging, which netted him only bruises, he ceased his efforts and subsisted on the food that was dropped in.

Then the naturalist removed the glass partition. The minnows swam all around the bass, but he did not strike at a single one. He had been thoroughly sold on the idea that business was bad.

There's a moral here if we need it—*take another shot at the glass partition.*

Maybe it isn't there any more.

August 9th was an eventful day for Bert Rowley, assistant window trimmer and card writer. On that day he took out a life contract, the lady being Miss Nash. Mr. and Mrs. Rowley were the recipients of many handsome gifts, among which was a handsome pair of chairs presented by the staff of the Hudson's Bay store. The happy couple are spending a short honeymoon at Banff.

Miss Morency, of the suit and cloak department, left the store on August 15th. She is returning to her home in Peterboro, Ont. Many pleasant social affairs were held in her honor and her fellow workers presented her with a silver pencil.

Do the employees appreciate the action of the Company in extending the vacation privileges? Well, just ask those who have had holidays and those who are making preparations.

The H.B.C. exhibit in the automobile building at the Saskatoon fair was universally acknowledged as the finest of its kind in the history of Saskatoon. Mr. MacGregor and Mr. Rowley deserve great credit for the manner in which this display was handled.

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

The Fur Exhibit

LETHBRIDGE exhibition this year was one of the most successful ever held in this district. The store's exhibit was unique, and general opinion is that it compared favorably with any other display.

The floor was laid out with black and white blocks covering a space of sixty-six by ten feet. Large scroll designs and pillars formed the background, being arranged in colors of blue, white and gold. Small posts connected by heavy brass chains were adorned with white frosted ball lamps, forming the front decoration, along with overhead trellis work in white, entwined with grape vines and clusters. Hudson seal, beaver, racoon and other fur coats with varied styles of trimmings all beautifully lined with plain, embroidered, or brocaded linings according to the type of coat, made a delightful display.

The exhibit was constantly thronged with interested groups of people, and we surely feel that the Company's prestige in the fur trade was fully maintained in this event.

Holiday Notes

VACATIONING is now the order of the day. Miss Perry and J. E. Thompson have been passing pleasant hours at Waterton Lakes. Possibly we should (to maintain peace in the family) explain that Miss Perry came back before Thompson arrived there.

W. Thompson is taking the baths at Banff. We believe he needs them after Lake Henderson.

Miss Martin and Miss Jones have just returned after visiting the parents of Miss Martin in Macleod. "Vera bonnie" they look. Miss Gilford, Miss Driver, Miss Sellens and Miss Askew have all returned, and they look very much as if holidays had agreed with them.

Mr. Wishart has been busy building a cooling apparatus not quite the size of a house to allow some of the hot air to escape from the top floor. Mr. Coffey denies that it emanates from the office, but it must come from somewhere.

Say, you Lethbridge folks, why don't you come forward with *Beaver* bits. Looking for *Beaver* material is like unto a man drilling eighteen hundred feet for oil and *not* finding any.

We are informed that Mr. Young visited the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's circus while here to renew some old acquaintances. People say that some of those animals are really almost human.

J. E. Thompson has proved himself thoroughly qualified to act as caddie during Mr. Upton's golf demonstrations.

It is rumored that one of our ardent golf sports, who ordinarily haunts the second floor, must have lost his golf ball, else why should he be everlastingly searching the shores of Henderson lake, clad in only a bathing suit, for something that apparently cannot be found.

CALGARY

Store Notes

Mrs. Burnett is out of hospital after five months. She is doing well after her operation, but will not be back at the store until the fall, as she is leaving Calgary for Bassano. Our good wishes for a speedy recovery go with her.

Mr. Russell spent a most enjoyable holiday at Sylvan lake. He said the rabbits were flying around in good style and prospects look very bright for shooting season.

This we think is the height of economy—Mr. Hilburn bought a new baseball for the game between *Beavers* and *Bearcats*, August 10, but kept it in his pocket right through the game. It surely must have felt good to him.

Jack McPherson, our furniture polisher, is having many discussions in secret with Joe the engineer. Jack has collected his summer stock of saskatoons and Joe hails from where the sun ripens the winey fruits of Italy. We wonder if it means a new "polish" on the market soon.

Mr. Keith, the blouse and children's wear buyer, has recently had what might be considered a second honeymoon, for on his trip East he met his wife on her return from an absence of over a year in the old country.

Mrs. Melhuish, for the last three and a half years a member of the blouse department staff, has gone to Los Angeles for her health. The Calgary staff wishes her great benefit by the change and success in her new location.

Mr. Ross, of the millinery department, and Mrs. McKay, of the whitewear, corsets and underwear departments, have recently been on extended buying trips to the eastern markets. It is expected that their stocks of new feminine decorations will be something wonderfully attractive.

We do not all have occasion to know the night watchman, except perhaps at stock-taking time, but we were sorry to hear that on the evening of his holidays he was taken to the hospital to undergo an operation.

George Salter went to Banff for a rest. We suspect this meant *golf* from a.m. to p.m.

Miss Evelyn Stanhope, of the advertising office, spent her vacation in Millarville.

Many changes have been made in the audit office recently. Since the last issue the Misses F. Woods, F. Reid and F. Millet have been transferred to that department.

We regret that owing to an error in the report made of the recent promotions in the accountant's office the name of Miss Irma Oliver was omitted.

Miss Sadie Smith has left Calgary for the coast. The sixth floor was very sorry to lose her.

Bert Andrew has bought a "tin lizzie" and is planning to enter the auto races next year at the Calgary fair in a challenge match against Dowty, "world's champion speed demon."

It is rumored on the sixth floor that since Mr. Higgins' good luck at the Calgary fair in securing his supply of silverware cheaply he has had serious intentions of going into the silverware business. Stocks on hand obtained from the fair would give him a good start.

We understand that Mr. Dowty has not paid a fine at the police court for a whole week. We believe he must be improving in driving ability.

Our Greater Service Exposition of Furs

CALGARY branch, from August 14th to 19th inclusive, put on a special fur exposition designed to demonstrate in a very clear manner the value of our Greater Service plan.

During this week a special offer was made on the new season's furs as follows: A customer might come in and select his or her choice from the unbroken stocks of rich new fur garments, or pieces, and upon receipt of twenty per cent. of the purchase price we would agree to hold this garment in storage and insured as late as the first of December, thus giving the customer over three months to pay for a select garment and enabling him or her to get the garment at the most opportune time in the season. There was no extra charge made for this service.

The Greater Service exposition is opening as this article goes to press. In the next issue we shall be better able to report on its success.

A telephone call came into the drapery department recently and a gentleman somewhat unfamiliar with telephones answered the call. The inquiry follows: "What is the price of your awning?" Answer: "Thirty cents wide and sixty inches a yard."

"*This is* MY CAR" explained George Salter to a garageman in Banff while on tour, "and what I say about it GOES, see." A dirty-faced mechanic crawled out from under the dead "Lizzie" and, looking at George for a moment, said pleadingly, "For Pete's sake, say ENGINE, mister."

Women's Sports

Above is a snapshot of *The Browns* basketball team, at present the leading ladies' team of the Calgary store. We have two ladies' teams at present—the *Browns* and the *Greys*—and, although very little mention has been made of them in print, they have gone on enjoying their games with each other and with other teams in Calgary regularly. This team has played several games with the Y.W.C.A. and other teams, and has had good success, carrying the standard of the Company in sport to a prominent place. Members of team are:

Miss Harrison, defense.
Miss Wright, defense.
Miss Pryke, forward.
Miss Marchand, forward.
Miss Hill, centre.
Miss Moss, spare.

About forty-five lady members of the staff are taking advantage of the swimming class at the Y.W.C.A. under the leadership of Miss M. Patton and the instruction of Miss Hunter.

Miss Patton is very enthusiastic over the swimming, as are all the other members of the class, and there is great interest taken in the advancement of the girls since its formation. Miss Labitzky seems to have advanced the most, and certainly as a diver there is none to excel her.

SECRET SOCIETY PARTY

A JOLLY farewell party was given by the D.D.D.'s at the home of Mrs. A. Adshead for Miss Howie, of the shoe department, who is leaving for her home in Scotland. During the evening Miss Howie was presented on behalf of the D.D.D.'s with a snapshot album. A dainty lunch was served and everyone had a real good time.

Those present were: *Misses Howie, Miller, McEwan, Wadlow, Bishop, Slocum, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cleland, Mrs. Black, Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Adshead.*

Note—Those who do not know what "D.D.D." stands for will please apply to the Calgary associate editor of *The Beaver* for information, as he has all the particulars of this interesting society.

Associate Editor's Note—Not guilty. Try editor-in-chief.

Golf Champ

IN the competition for the golf honors of the Hudson's Bay Calgary branch, played over the store's course at Parkdale, Bill Ilott had no trouble in taking the Gibson cup for this year's games when he turned in a score of seventy-eight.

Ilott played as one of the scratch members, and his score of seventy-eight is considered by H.B.C. golfers as remarkable, considering the condition of the greens on the course at the present time.

About wenty of the staff were in line for the honor, but none of the other scores were even close to the one turned in by the champion.

Cricket Notes

SINCE our last report, two games have been played. We won one and lost one, and at this time the league is in a very interesting position, all clubs having the same number of points.

The game with South Calgary was very exciting. We won the toss and put them in to bat. It was soon apparent that their inning would be of short duration, Dowty getting no less than four wickets in his first three overs; the whole team were out for forty-three, of which twelve were for byes. Dowty had the remarkable average of two runs per wicket taken, he taking six in all. We fared much better in our inning, passing their total before three wickets had fallen, Dowty and Oakley doing the needful.

The game with Calgary was of another nature. We batted first and made ninety-four, Dowty being top score with twenty-six. This was not good enough, however, as Calgary collected one hundred and fifty-three during their inning. It was the better team all around.

The store baseball league has felt very much the loss of Graham Cunningham in its games and the boys on the teams wish Graham all kinds of success in Edmonton.

GRIEF ON THE BANFF TRAIL

TWO young ladies of the mail order department had a wonderful trip to Banff last month. They went to the hot springs, and then to the cave and basin. While learning to swim, one of the young ladies became dizzy and rather sick from swallowing so much sulphur water. Presently they recognized one of the Hudson's Bay "kewpies," and while he was in the water there was much less room left for others, so they thought they had better retire and leave for home.

On the return, just out of Banff, difficulties began. The rain started pouring. About three miles from Banff, while turning off the road to let another car pass, a front tire came off. This was soon put on again and they once more started. On a steep hill they found one of Henry Ford's "inventions" stalled about half way up. However, as they could not help them, they pushed them off to one side and got safely past that difficulty.

Between helping other cars out of ditches and trying to avoid the ditches themselves, they arrived about half a mile from Cochrane when the gasoline ran out and a further supply had to be obtained from Cochrane.

In spite of all difficulties they arrived home safely sometime before daylight, very tired, but ready for another trip.

Editor's Note—We wonder what a Hudson's Bay "kewpie" is.

Editor's Note No. 2—We recommend that Mr. Neal's staff of efficient baseball diamond builders be put to work on the Banff trail.

Ducks, Beware!

BY the time this article comes out in type, Messrs. Higgins, Mason and McGuire will have, without a single doubt, shot their quota of wild duck for the season 1922. These members of the Calgary store staff have purchased new shotguns of high order and are promising samples of the feathered creatures to their friends in the Calgary store and other places. McGuire will carry the same salt shaker that he was seen using last year when he went out for the day with our editor-in-chief from Winnipeg.

And when we speak of the duck trips we think of our esteemed and loyal friend Frank Reeve, who will be absent from this year's trips.

Many will remember that Frank, sterling sportsman that he was, enjoyed the shooting trips more, possibly, than any other.

Baseball

BASEBALL among the live boys of the Calgary store, at the club grounds, continues to be the big sport feature of this year's athletic programme.

The three teams which started the season just as soon as the snow had cleared are all intact at the present time; and, more than that, they are all going in better form than ever. All three are looking forward to a place in the play-off, which should be taking place about the time this article gets into print.

The *Beavers,* under the guiding hand of Charlie Hillburn, had a walk-away in the first half of the schedule, but the same little bunch of *Beavers* are finding things different in the second set of games. Sam McKellar was appointed to steer the *Bearcats* to the port of victory, and in the second half Sam came through with a heap of steam and enthusiasm. As a result of his special efforts we find the *Bearcats* on top with a good lead to their credit.

The big league game of the series to date was played on Tuesday evening, August 8th, when the *Tigers* and *Bearcats* battled nine innings to a tie. The game was a feature game, the boys on both teams playing steady ball and the work of the pitchers being very fine in every one of the nine frames. Score 7-7.

Burbidge Cup Play

PLAYING for the Herbert E. Burbidge trophy, which is emblematic of the H.B.C. golf championship in Canada, James Borthwick and Joseph Walsh, both members of the Calgary store staff, tied for the Calgary leadership with net scores of seventy-eight each.

Several members of the H.B.C. staff sent handicap cards to the Company's head office at Winnipeg, but only eight of them were on hand when the games were played over the St. Andrew's course on Wednesday afternoon, August 9th.

Staff members of all the Company's stores in Canada play for the trophy, the best two net scores playing off when the results from all the store branches have been checked.

Both Borthwick and Walsh have won previous honors in store competitions, which take place from time to time. Walsh won the golf honors for the Calgary store when he carried off the Gibson trophy for the season's play of 1920, while Borthwick, who is severely handicapped from injuries which he received some years ago, won the Calgary store championship last year.

Following are the scores of eight of the H.B.C. staff who took part in this year's round:

J. Borthwick	*94-16-78*
J. Walsh	*98-20-78*
Wm. Ilott	*93-14-79*
J. Spicer	*110-29-81*
G. Salter	*91-10-81*
P. Obyrne	*124-41-83*
J. B. Neal	*117-32-85*
H. N. Parker	*112-26-86*

Members of the Hudson's Bay staff who took part in the Burbidge trophy competition are very much indebted to the St. Andrew's golf club for the use of their excellent course for their games on Wednesday afternoon, August 9th.

VANCOUVER

Miss K. Currie, manageress for the whitewear department, left on her semi-annual visit to the eastern markets on Thursday, August 10th.

Mrs. L. McDermid, manageress of the children's wear department, left on her semi-annual visit to the eastern markets, on Thursday, August 10th.

TENTH ANNUAL OUTING

THE tenth annual picnic of the Company's employees at Seaside park Wednesday, August 2nd, was not only the largest since their innovation, but in the opinion of Mr. H. T. Lockyer, the most successful.

For the holiday more than 700 persons were taken to the popular resort by the steamers *Lady Evelyn* and the *Britannia*. All thoughts of work were cast aside by the throngs.

The members of the executive had made their arrangements with such care that everything went like clockwork. It was so with every feature of the afternoon, from the sports to the dinner. Two excellent meals were provided, each person being given a cardboard box containing their lunch, while supper was ready laid on the tables and lawns when the hungry crowds returned from the races or strolls in the woods.

The prizes, which were both valuable and useful, were presented by Mrs. H. T. Lockyer. The opportunity was also taken, as the staff was all assembled, to present to Mr. F. Herbert, who has been in the Company's service for over twenty-five years, a sterling silver tea and coffee service from the management and staff in Vancouver, inscribed as follows:

"Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Herbert by the management and staff of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver on the occasion of Mr. Herbert's twenty-fifth anniversary. July 1922."

Features of Contests

The men's tug-o'-war was the centre of great enthusiasm, and the pull was both long and strenuous; eventually, however, the department managers were victorious. Both parties were reduced to a state bordering on prostration from the effects of their exertions, and lay on the grass while their backers ministered to them.

The ladies' nail-driving race was also a great attraction, Miss Rose Dryant winning it with a wonderful combination of eye and speed. Several of the contestants received slight injuries to their thumbs in their efforts to get rid of their cargo of nails, but they got scant sympathy from the crowd.

Every form of recreation was open to everyone during the day, and all the picnickers made the most of the opportunity, parties going swimming from the end of the pier, while others roamed through the woods where blackberries were plentiful.

The members of the committee, who seemed to have anticipated every wish, also saw to it that the kiddies would look back on the outing as a red-letter day by providing ice cream in practically inexhaustible quantities, while cakes and watermelons far outnumbered the attendance.

It was unfortunate that the combination of mist and smoke on the outgoing trip should have obscured the view, but the cheery crowd immediately organized singsongs above and below decks, with dancing. In the afternoon the clouds fortunately disappeared and the sun warmed the water for the swimmers.

There was no doubt about the picnic being a success, and Mr. Lockyer was thoroughly proud of the day's work of the committee.

Winners in the sports events were:

25 yards, girls under six years—1, Edna Mary Walker; 2, Irene Ashworth; 3, Margaret Dale.

25 yards, boys under six years—1, Gordon Almer; 2, Roy Abel; 3, Robert Miller.

50 yards, girls under 12 years—1, Myrtle Taplin; 2, Owen Clampitt; 3, Dorothy Patterson.

50 yards, boys under 12 years—1, Howard Taplin; 2, Walter Alen; 3, Lawrence Murphy.

75 yards, messenger girls—1, Milly Groves; 2, Daisy Kelly; 3, Clarice Fletcher.

75 yards, messenger boys—1, Gerald Wilson; 2, Fred Wainwright; 3, Arthur Yates.

75 yards, ladies, members H.B.E.A.—1, Velda Wheatcroft; 2, Ina Booth; 3, Gladys Griffiths.

100 yards, men, members H.B.E.A.—1, Edward Williams; 2, Val Braith; 3, R. McCrery.

Men's and women's three-legged race, open—1, May McKillan, Fred Wainwright; 2, Louise Marshal and F. Goldie.

50 yards, H.B.Co. employees' wives—1, Mrs. Roy Abel; 2, Mrs. Wilson; 3, Mrs. R. Hood.

Putting the shot, open—1, James Galbraith; 2, R. Hood. Distance 32 feet 7 inches.

Men's sack race, open—1, R. McReady; 2, G. Williamson; 3, R. H. Laney.

Ladies' nail-driving contest, members H.B.E.A.—1, Rose Dryant; 2, Margaret McKellar; 3, M. Meakin.

100 yards, department managers—1, R. B. Abel; 2, W. Winslow; 3, F. A. Wilson.

Men's tug-of-war—Department managers beat the garage employees.

75 yards, men over 45 years, members H.B.E.A.—1, William Townsend; 2, M. Clarke; 3, J. Pringle.

Special girls' and boys' race—Howard Tapman.

Special ladies' race—Valda Wheatcroft.

Social Committee

Miss E. S. Morley
Miss R. Bryant
Miss G. Macfarlane
Miss L. Andrew
Miss H. Turner
Miss B. Blake
Mr. R. Hood
Mr. R. Mair
Mr. F. Bishop
Mr. D. Dale
Mr. L. Frazer
Mr. B. M. Clarke
Mr. H. R. P. Gant (Chairman)

PRESENTATION of sterling silver tea set to Mr. F. Herbert in recognition of twenty-five years' continuous service with H.B.C. at Vancouver. From left to right—H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the store, Mrs. F. Herbert, F. Herbert and Mrs. H. T. Lockyer.

Bottom Row, left to right—H. Gant, Miss R. Bryant, R. Mair, Miss H. Turner, Miss A. Andrew, D. Dale.

First Row—Miss B. Blake, F. Bishop, Miss J. McFarlane, L. Frayer, B. M. Clarke.

Back Row—R. Hood.

IT TAKES COURAGE

Not to bend to popular prejudice.

To live according to your convictions.

To refuse to make a living in a questionable vocation.

To say "No" squarely, when those around you say "Yes."

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

To speak the truth even when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong because it is customary and done in trade.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace and dignity for years before the lies can be corrected.

To throw up a position with a good salary when it is the only business you know and you have a family depending upon you, because it does not have your unqualified approval.

And You?

How do you visualize your work? The story of the three stonecutters leaves nothing of wisdom to be said.

Each was working on a stone. A stranger asked the first what he was doing. "I'm working for $7.50 a day," he replied. "And you?" the stranger asked. "I'm cutting this stone," growled the second. But when the question was put to the third stonecutter, he answered, "I'm building a cathedral."

VICTORIA

Cricket Team Plays at Duncan

HUDSON'S Bay cricketers were the guests of the Cowichan Cricket club at Duncan on Wednesday, August 9th, and if rain had not marred the proceedings, a splendid game of cricket would have been played.

The Hudson's Bay team, who batted first, gave a fine exhibition and hit 129 runs before all the wickets fell. Unfortunately rain began to fall, and the Cowichan eleven were able to put only two men to bat when they were forced to postpone the game.

The Cowichan team proved themselves good sportsmen, and it is hoped the next time a conclusion will be reached and prove which team is superior, as great enthusiasm has been displayed over this game. The Cowichan eleven gave their visitors a rousing reception and served a lunch for them after their long ride, and tea in the afternoon.

The Hudsonians were exceptionally well pleased with their first trip to Duncan, and are eagerly looking forward to the next visit. The full score follows:

HUDSON'S BAY CRICKET CLUB

P. N. A. Smith, c. E. W. Carr Hilton, b. Williams	17
G. Wharfe, c. E. H. Williams, b. W. H. Napper	0
J. A. Davidson, b. E. H. Williams	61
B. M. Cahagan, c. E. W. Carr Hilton, b. C. H. Williams	1
J. Innis, st. H. Charters, b. W. H. Napper	2
A. J. Weeks, c. E. H. Gault, b. W. H. Napper	0
A. Haines, c. E. H. Williams, b. W. N. Napper	23
G. Harris, b. W. H. Napper	8
A. E. Rose, b. E. H. Williams	8
W. Durrant, not out	0
C. Ellis, c. E. C. Hawkins, b. E. H. Williams	0
Byes	9
Total	129

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Cowichan 2nd XI	O.	W.	R.
W. H. Napper	12	5	53
E. H. Williams	11	5	39
E. W. Carr Hilton	4	0	28

COWICHAN 2nd XI

E. W. Carr Hilton, not out	2
C. H. Gault, not out	0
Total	2

C. S. Crane, E. H. Williams, W. H. Napper, H. Charters, W. T. Corbishley, P. Tisdall, J. D. McKenzie, W. H. Parker and E. C. Hawkins did not bat.

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Hudson's Bay	O.	W.	R.
C. W. Wharfe	1	0	1
J. Davidson	1	0	1

Miss Jarvis Leaves for Vancouver

WE regret to announce the retirement of Miss A. Jarvis, who has so capably filled the position of librarian in our circulating library for the past year.

Miss Jarvis is taking up a similar position in the Carnegie library, Vancouver, in order to make her home with her parents. We all join in the good wishes for her future success expressed in the presentation of a set of beaten copper book ends by her associates in the adjustment bureau on the evening of her departure.

Miss E. Marwick, a native Victorian, is succeeding Miss Jarvis as librarian, and we extend to her a cordial welcome.

Another Bride-to-Be

In honor of Miss Rachael Lucas (No. 6 department), who is shortly to be married, a number of her friends gathered one evening last month at the home of Mrs. S. J. Shanks, when a handsome cut glass vase was presented to the bride-to-be. Little Howard and Raymond Shanks, charmingly dressed as bride and bridegroom, made the presentation, expressing on behalf of all those present the heartiest wishes for good luck and future happiness. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Shanks, Mr. and Mrs. Lagacy, Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove, Misses Edie, Gardner, Purvis, Neville, Yeomans and Mrs. Marston.

Swimming

The Hudson's Bay section of the V.I.A.A. club now numbers over 100 members. If you are not yet a member and have not visited the very fine swimming quarters you have certainly missed a treat.

In the coming swimming events we look to Miss Ferguson to carry off the honors, for she is developing wonderful speed, and as for diving—well, look out, Annette!

Tennis

At the Hudson's Bay tennis courts in the V.I.A.A. grounds coming tennis champions may be seen almost any evening playing hard fought games.

We hear that Mrs. Marston, of No. 6 department, is a star player of one of the Victoria clubs but, like Annette mentioned in another paragraph, she, too, had better look out.

Football

Messrs. Stanhope and Lovatt are looking for several good men to form a football team for the coming season. They have their eye on another cup which they intend to place alongside the hockey trophy won last winter. To avoid a possible congestion of applications for membership please send yours in early.

'Phone Efficiency

By P. N. A. SMITH

Customer—"Hello."
Answer—"Yes."
Customer—"Who's speaking?"
Answer—"Hello!"
Customer—"Is that the Hudson's Bay Company?"
Answer—"Yes."
Customer—"Is that the shoe department?"
Answer—"Yes."

WHAT a waste of time and words! Yet it is typical of the manner in which many people answer a telephone call. Just place yourself in the person's position who is making the call and you will realize how annoying such a conversation is to both parties.

There is a right and wrong way of doing everything, and the right way to answer a telephone call is to give the Company's name and your department—*Hudson's Bay Company grocery department*—and not use the word *hello*. It wastes time.

Remember, and practice, the following simple rules when answering a telephone call and you will save yourself much time and trouble, as well as enabling the Company to give better and quicker service to our customers:

1. When answering give Company's name and your department. "Hudson's Bay Company fur department."
2. Listen attentively and you will hear more clearly.
3. Speak close to the mouthpiece in a moderate tone of voice.
4. Be always polite and anxious to please.
5. Repeat all orders in detail, also initials, name and address of customer giving same.
6. Close your conversation with a "Thank you."

Very simple, are they not? And yet how very few of us ever carry them out. Give this matter your earnest attention and you will not only be pleasing yourself but many others, and greatly helping in our endeavor to give real service to our customers.

Cupid Disorganizes Millinery

Two young ladies from the millinery section have already left the store to be married—Miss A. Hurst, at the beginning of the year, and Miss M. Holman, whose wedding took place on August 19th. We understand Miss Robb will be a bride sometime during the fall. Now comes the announcement of engagements of Miss I. Arnall and Miss B. Corkle. Who's next? The race is between Miss Workman and Miss Blakeway!

It has been suggested that the young lady in the office who frequently makes a display of pink garters should leave off same during business hours so as to enable certain members of the staff to keep their eyes more on their work.

The staff wish to express through the medium of *The Beaver* their appreciation and thanks to the police sports committee for their generosity in donating 150 tickets for their field day for the special use of store employees.

Congratulations to Bert Watson on winning the second prize in all Canada for the best window display of "Princess Pat" hair nets. We always did think that our show windows in Victoria would be hard to beat.

Several of our fishing enthusiasts are wanting to know why the fish don't bite in Kemp lake. Perhaps Mr. Watson can enlighten them on the subject.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS

A company of Scots were having a convivial evening together, and while it was yet early Sandy McTavish arose to address the crowd. "Boys," he said, "I think I had better bid ye good-night."

"You're not going home already, McTavish? Why, it's only seven o'clock."

"Ah, weel, I'm bidding ye good-night as long as I know ye."

Ladies' Tug-of-War Team

The ladies' tug-of-war team are to be congratulated upon winning the tug-of-war competition between married and single ladies at the police sports held at the Willows on July 19th.

The men also entered a team and, although not able to beat the Seattle police, put up an extremely good showing.

The names of those on the ladies' tug-of-war team as shown in the accompanying photograph are as follows, reading from left to right: *Sergt.-Major A. E. Haines (coach), Miss E. Rhodes, Miss S. Strange, Miss T. Ferguson, Miss Allen, Miss M. Kermode, Miss F. Gates, Miss N. Green, Miss J. Heal, Miss V. Butt, Miss Arnold, Miss Hastings, Mr. Nichols and Miss A. Wilson (sitting)*

L'ENVOI

By V.P.

When the stock sheets are extended and checked,
And the departments are balanced once more;
When the buyer's brains are wrecked,
And he no longer gets sore—
Then we shall rest—and faith we shall need it—
Just to sit down for a minute or two,
And think of the coming January,
When we shall start it all over anew.

And he who was over or under
Shall work by the sweat of his brow
And find the "why" of the blunder,
Then struggle to adjust it somehow.
The office staff nightly shall work
With stock sheets and statements galore,
And, tho' bored to a frazzle, never shall shirk,
For one job finished and there's plenty more.

And none but Winnipeg office shall praise us,
And none but Winnipeg shall blame,
And no one shall think it is funny,
But all shall think it's a shame.
Yet each, for the joy of stock-taking,
Will try his very best
To do the job as he should do,
So we all may have a good rest.

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

AT THE FIRST ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH

Left to right, standing—J. C. Brooks, S. H. Grover, J. D. Kennedy, W. D. S. Edwards, H. J. Smith, J. R. Drew, Mrs. Rendall, J. H. Rendall, K. E. Bates, D. Harrison, A. J. Child, P. E. H. Sewell, D. Sanders, J. L. Henry, H. G. O. Ollis, J. W. Metcalf.

First row, sitting—G. H. Bradley, E. R. Russell, Mrs. Ollis, G. Henwood, M. Barlow, D. Hollis, L. Heron, L. Leonard, D. Bartlett.

Second row, sitting—D. Dan, M. Welsh, M. Bingham, L. Frogley, N. Burgess, M. Smith, M. Gooderham, N. Buckingham, C. Smith.

250 Years and 150 Minutes

By A. T. CHILD

A TRIFLE more than two years ago we celebrated the Company's 250th Anniversary—two and a half centuries of history crowded with incidents of adventure, at times great danger. Were it possible for any single individual to have lived through those two hundred and fifty years and to have been an eyewitness of all the exciting events which have happened during the evolution of this wonderful Company, he certainly would have had no grounds for complaining that life was monotonous.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, such longevity is not our lot. Albeit, those who foregathered at Red Post Hill, North Dulwich, on the ever-memorable evening of the 10th July, 1922, were eyewitnesses, during a space of one hundred and fifty minutes, of incidents in a measure as exciting, and at times fraught with as much danger, as those in which our predecessors were engaged.

It was the occasion of the first annual cricket match, contested between teams representative of the male and the female staffs of the London offices. Handicapped to the extent of having to bat, bowl and field left-handed, the men took the field in an endeavour to dispose of their enthusiastic rivals to the best of their ability. Their bowling was certainly of a "high" order ("wide" would probably be a more fitting description), and, except for the numerous occasions when point or coverpoint, or even square leg, was in danger of being the recipient of the bowler's deliveries, the ball pitched tolerably near the stumps. Whenever the ball did come within reach the lady batsmen were not slow to take advantage of its proximity, and thereby succeeded in compiling the commendable score of 68 runs. After an interval for refreshments it was the ladies' turn to hunt leather and the men were set the task of endeavouring to reach and pass the score of their opponents, which they succeeded in doing after a well contested fight, eventually winning by a margin of 45 runs.

The game was unfortunately marred during its closing stages by an untoward incident, one of the "merest" men, little Peter Sewell, aged nine summers, being the victim of an unprovoked attack on the part of a certain lady opponent. The excitement of the game we are ready to accept as an excuse for what, under other circumstances, might be regarded as unwarrantable aggression. In future encounters, we hope the ladies will be able to devise a more legitimate method of disposing of a successful opponent than that of deliberately knocking him over against his own wicket!

However, we tender to the ladies our best thanks, and desire to record our keen appreciation of the sporting spirit they displayed in opposing us at what has hitherto always been regarded a man's game. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Rendall and to Mr. Russell for the lion's share they took in contributing to the success of an "adventure" which it is hoped is only the forerunner of many more.

For the benefit of those who are really interested in "cricket" the following details of the game are appended, together with a photograph of the players and supporters present:

LADIES

Miss Burgess, c. Sewell, b. Jones	*6*
Miss Gooderham, c. Child, b. Sewell	*1*
Miss Buckingham, c. Child, b. Child	*1*
Miss Heron, c. Sewell, b. Sewell	*0*
Miss Smith (M), b. Brooks	*10*
Miss Smith (C), c. Sewell, b. Child	*1*
Miss Welsh, c. Sewell, b. Child	*0*
Miss Bingham, b. Drew	*1*
Miss Leonard, c. Ollis, b. Drew	*0*
Miss Dann, c. Ollis, b. Kennedy	*8*
Miss Frogley, hit wicket, b. Sewell	*2*
Miss Sanders, c. Child, b. Sewell	*10*
Miss Hollis, not out	*1*
Extras (25 wides, 2 byes)	*27*
	68

MEN

J. C. Brooks, b. M. Smith	*10*
H. G. Ollis, b. M. Smith	*0*
J. D. Kennedy, b. Buckingham	*10*
A. J. Child, stumped Heron, b. M. Smith	*30*
J. R. Drew, stumped Heron, b. Burgess	*3*
P. E. H. Sewell, run out	*16*
E. R. Russell, b. C. Smith	*2*
S. H. Grover, run out	*0*
W. D. S. Edwards, b. M. Smith	*2*
F. W. Jones, not out	*35*
Peter Sewell, c. Burgess, b. Buckingham	*2*
Extras	*3*
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Umpires, J. W. Metcalf and H. J. Smith.

Could Your Wife Look After Your Investments?

Few women have the business training necessary to enable them to invest any considerable sum at a reasonable rate of interest and with absolute safety for the principal. Yet this is what many beneficiaries under Policies of Insurance are suddenly called upon to do.

The Great-West Life issues particularly attractive policies payable in instalments to the beneficiaries under various plans. Our folder "Life Insurance Insured" will prove of interest to anyone intending to take out Life Insurance. Write for it. It will place you under no obligation.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Dept. "D-30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**

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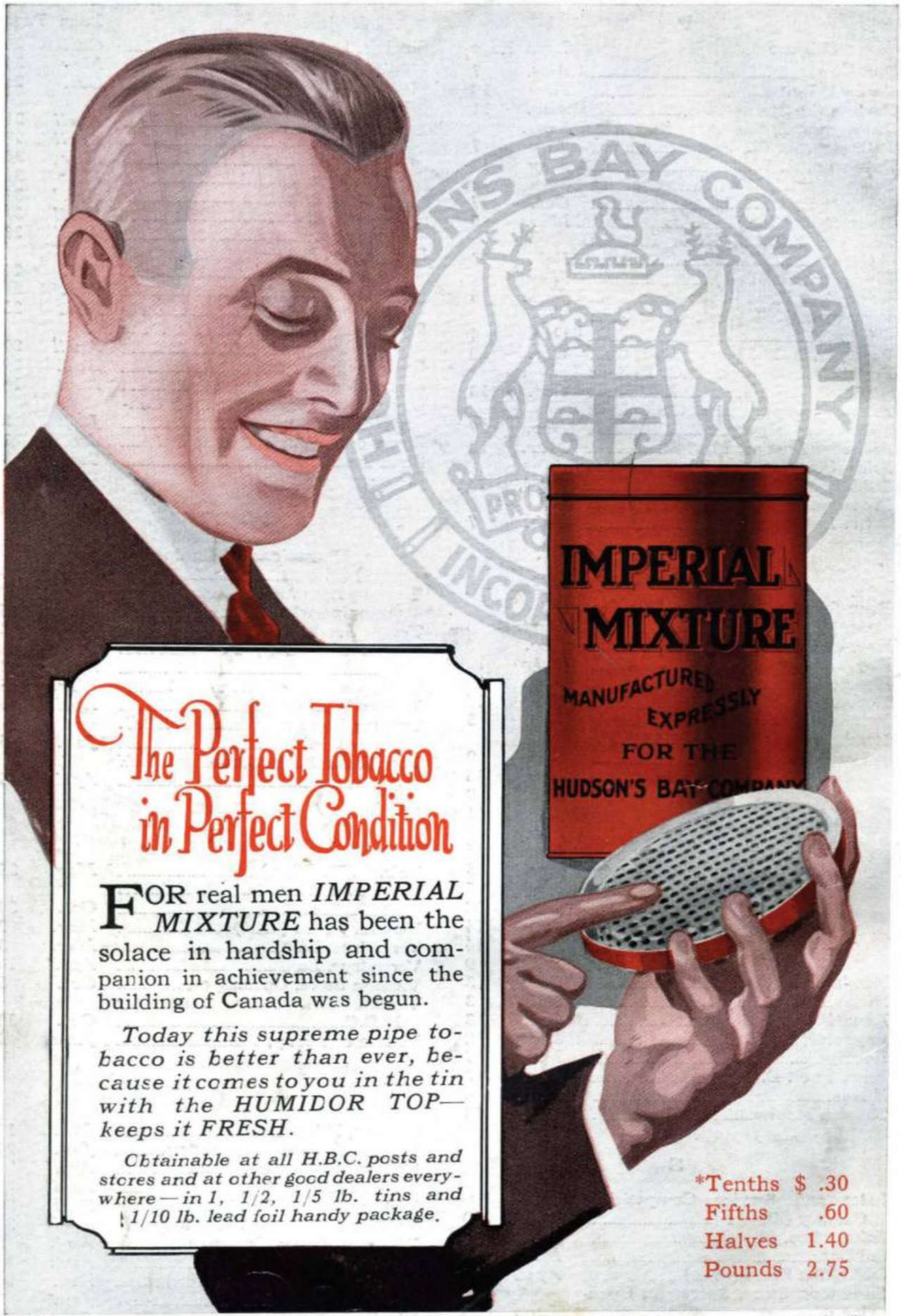
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